

THE
RECONCILIATION;
OR,
BIRTH-DAY:

A COMEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

NOW UNDER REPRESENTATION AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,
VIENNA, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.



Translated from the German

OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON;

Printed for JAMES RIDGWAY, York Street, St. James's
Square.

1799.

[Price Three Shillings.]

RECONCILIATION:

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IN FIVE ACTS.

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VIENNA, WITH SUCCESS.



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Dramatis Personae.

FRANK BERTRAM, *formerly a Captain of a Ship,* } *Twins.*
PHILIP BERTRAM, *a Collector,* }

JACK BULLER, *Frank's Footman, formerly a Sailor.*

Doctor BLUM.

EYTERBORN, *a Lawyer.*

Count SONNENSTERN.

WILLIAM, *a Shoemaker.*

An Apothecary's Boy.

CHARLOTTE, *Philip's Daughter.*

ANN, *her old Servant.*

Mrs. GRIM, *Frank's Housekeeper.*

STANBROOK PORTLAND

FRANK BERTAM, formerly a Captain of a ship,
 PHILIP BERTAM, a Gunner,
 JACK BULLER, formerly a Gunner, formerly a Sailor.

DEAR BROTHER,

EVERYBODY, a Gunner.

CARL SONENSTERN.

WILLIAM, a Gunner.

AN APPOINTMENT: BY

CHARLOTTE, Philip's Daughter.

AND, for old times.

Mrs. GRIM, Frank's Mother.

THE
RECONCILIATION.

ACT I.

The Scene represents a remote Street in the Suburb. A Row of Houses on the Left, with a Bench before one of them. On the Right several Trees. In the back Ground Meadows and arable Land. It is Morning.

SCENE I.

WILLIAM sits on a Stool by a Tree, making a Pair of Ladies' Shoes, and singing whilst at work.

THOUGH idlers riot, eat, and drink,

And on soft downy pillows sink,

They are not free from woe :

For ev'ry man must have his share

Of troubles, and must know best where

His shoe does hurt his toe.

When rainy, wise men boots will wear,

But shoes put on when all is fair ;

And take times as they go :

No man, that ever wore a shoe,

Will say, if he be fair and true,

It never hurt his toe.

SCENE II.

ANN coming out of the House with a Broom in her Hand.

Will. Good morrow to you, Miss Ann.

Ann. Thank you, honest William.

Will. How are all the family? how does the old gentleman come on?

Ann. He has had a tolerable good night; he is getting better every day.

Will. Upon my soul I am glad of it, for the sake of your good mistress, and for your own sake too, Miss Ann.

Ann. You are right there; for such a good place I shall never have again. Be our pittance ever so scanty, my master has no better fare than myself; and when love and affection distribute the bread, no matter whether the slices be large or small. There is many a lady's maid, indeed, that has greater wages than mine, and that dresses in silk and muslin: but then the mistresses are sometimes so queer and ill-tempered—never pleased—no pin will do unless pinned ten times over—and every fold in a handkerchief is to be twisted into a thousand different shapes, before it will suit their fancy. But my young mistress, up she gets in a minute, dressed she is in another, and wants no assistance whatever.

Will. And carries always the smile of a Madonna on her countenance.

Ann. I never yet heard her utter an angry word in my life.

Will. Her lips seem not to be formed for that neither.

Ann. Ah, she is a good child, indeed! she will never be so much as out of temper. She has borne

borne the long illness of her father with uncommon constancy and resolution. The old man might mutter and grumble ever so much, she would be courteous and resigned. She has not slept a wink these many weeks, and would not suffer me to sit up by the old gentleman; as soon as the clock struck ten she would bid me go and lie down. In the beginning I was very uneasy about it. Miss is young, thinks I; she may be well-disposed for aught I know, but she may fall asleep; and when young people have once shut their eyes, not even a thunderclap will rouse them. But I was in the wrong box there: Miss Charlotte would nod by her father's bed-side, but at the least cough she would be at his service.

Will. I say, Miss Ann, such things never go without a reward, methinks.

Ann. Oh, that's not all. All her fingers are sore with sewing, that there might be no want of money in the house. That severe winter—I tell you William, the old man must have starved with cold but for his industrious daughter.

Will. I feel as if she had likewise warmed me.

Ann. When her father was so very ill, I wouldn't have given a brass penny for his life, she would kneel down, and weep and pray in every corner. But he need but call out, Charlotte! and every tear was wiped off; she would appear before him with a cheerful, friendly countenance, though her soul struggled within.

Will. No wonder the old man should escape death. A face like that has greater effect than all the medicines of a doctor, and does not taste so bad neither. But he is out of all danger now?

Ann. I should think so.

Will. Yet he still coughs a good deal. I often hear him up in my room.

Ann. Ay, true. But the doctor says, a man of his age may still go on with only a bit of his lungs, if his heart keep but stout.

Will. Right, Miss Ann. Rather have but half one's lungs, and a heart sound and entire.

Ann. Oh, my good master has plenty of that; I have known him no bigger than that—he has always been a good-natured, tender-hearted boy. And Providence has given him no riches, or else he might have been a miser as well as his brother.

Will. Is his brother rich?

Ann. During the war, and God knows by what means, he has scraped together an immense deal of money. But his lungs are better than his heart, and he leaves his poor brother to want.

Will. Hum! and yet every body praises him.

Ann. Rich folks are always praised, and never wrong: but when a poor devil goes but one single step astray, good Christians will rush upon him, and trample him in the mire.

Will. Odd enough, people should sell their friendship, and give their ill-will away for nothing. One should think it must be quite the reverse; for enmity can do the heart no good.

Ann. Don't say that; for there are those who delight in nothing more than scandal. They will tell their neighbours to the right and to the left, and their eyes will glisten with joy, like a cat's eyes in the dark.

Will. But is it true that the two brothers are at law?

Ann. Alas! it is but too true; they have quarrelled these fifteen years: and for what?—for that wretched garden, out of the gates, near the hill. The whole is not worth above a couple of hundred dollars. A shame upon that wealthy fellow! Could

I ever have thought it, when he was running about in his frock? He was a wild one, true enough, but his heart was good.

Will. I think, that, were he to see Miss Charlotte, his heart would melt: for, do you see, if the Devil were to fall out with his grandmother, and Charlotte got between them, I should say the Devil himself must fall round his granny's neck.

Ann. Poor child! he has not seen her since she was three years old. The two brothers avoid each other every where.

Will. She ought to pay him a visit.

Ann. And cringe? and, what is worse, perhaps be ill used by his old housekeeper? No; my mistress is too good for that.

Will. Sure enough, she is too good for them all: I only said so for the sake of peace.

Ann. We have hitherto got honestly through the world. We can work; and a dollar earned is worth more than a ducat given.

Will. You are right, Miss Ann: especially when one works for such good masters; the task is then so light. Hey-day! what nice shoes I would make if they were for Miss Charlotte!—Thou art a lazy fellow, would my father often say to me, before you were in our house: but since you live with us he has had no occasion to say so. For, when I have had but a glance of that angel in the morning, it seems as if my awl worked of itself all the day long. That's the reason why I always carry my stool out here; for I have observed, that, when the weather is fair, she likes to sit on yon bench.

Ann. I think she won't be long a-coming.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Count SONNENSTERN dressed in a light Morning-dress, skipping across the Stage : when he perceives ANN, he calls out,

Oh, oh ! Good morrow to you, old witch.

Ann. (Angrily.) What ! do you mean me ?

Count. Doesn't she stand there with the broom in her hand, as if ready to bestride it, and ride to a nocturnal meeting of the weiry sisterhood ?

Ann. It is a pity it will not sweep away every kind of filth.

Count. Ha ! ha ! ha ! You are witty, I find ; but don't be angry ; I meant no harm, mother.

Ann. Mother ! God forbid I should have such a son.

Count. Well, what objections have you ? Wouldn't it be pretty for you to say, My son, Count Sonnenstern, lord of Eaglestone and Crownhall ?

Ann. No, indeed. My son must work, be he what he will ; but it seems, some Counts have nothing to do, for I always see you walk the streets.

Count. I have been ordered a spring-cure.

Ann. It's somewhat odd, when those gentlemen return from the college, they generally want a spring-cure.

Count. Is your mistress up ?

Ann. May be.

Count. Will she come down ?

Ann. Perhaps.

Count. Has she read the book which I lent her some time back ?

Ann. She has begun it.

Count. How does she like it ?

Ann. Not at all ; she says, there is too much whining in it.

Count. So much the better; it is a book for exalted and sentimental minds.

Ann. Must whining and sentiment go hand in hand, then?

Count. Oldy, you don't understand this. Young people must love, and, of course, whine. When you light your kitchen fire of green wood, well, does it not weep on the other end?

Ann. Ay; but then there is more smoke than flame.

Count. A-propos; won't the old fellow die yet?

Ann. He seems to have a good constitution, though in his youth he never went through the spring remedies.

Count. A poor devil, that's forced to live on *lichen islandicum*, had better take his leave at once.

Ann. And bequeath you his pretty daughter, eh?

Count. Well done, mother; if you can make him do that, I'll take you into the bargain.

Ann. Oh, if you love my mistress, her father will himself give you her hand.

Count. (*With a sneer.*) Will he indeed?

Ann. And, if you won't have her on that condition, you cannot be fond of her.

Count. But one cannot always act as one would.

Ann. If one cannot do what is good, one ought not to will what is bad.

[William, during this discourse, begins to sing his song; and raises his voice every time he is displeased with what Sonnenstern says.

Count. You folks have droll notions.

Ann. Do you mean, perhaps, my mistress is not good enough to be a Countess?

Count.

Count. Ah, she'd be the prettiest little Countess upon earth.

Ann. She is, perhaps, not rich enough?

Count. Poverty is no flaw.

Ann. A proverb in every body's mouth, and in no one's heart.

Count. A-propos; do you want money?

Ann. Yes, Sir, we do.

Count. Take. (*He tenders her a purse.*)

Ann. We don't want money of that kind.

Count. Of that kind! What do you mean?

Ann. My master does not accept presents; his heart is too proud for that.

Count. But you?

Ann. I am but a servant, and have no greater wages than eight florins a year; yet I never want a penny to give the poor on a Sunday when I go to church.

Count. Old one, be wise. Your mistress is a treasure, and you are the dragon to watch her; but you may spit fire as much and as long as you please, I'll nevertheless at last succeed in throwing my handkerchief on the burning coals. (*Looking round.*) What the devil is the fellow bawling for, like a watchman?

Ann. No man can hinder him from singing.

Count. (*Throws a piece of money to William.*) My lad, go, and drink to my health for this. Your throat seems to be cursedly dry.

[*William takes the money, and nails it to the table before him.*]

Count. What are you about, fellow?

Ann. Ha! ha! ha! He does just the same as our neighbour the grocer, who will always nail bad money to the counter.

Count.

Count. Well, fellow ! will you answer ?

Will. (*Singing.*)

Ann. (*Laughing.*) Leave him alone, he is deaf.

Count. Is he ? So much the better. What a pity he is not likewise dumb ! Ho ! ho ! Miss Charlotte.

SCENE IV.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Have you done, dear Ann ? My father will come down presently.

Ann. Come down, you say ?

Charl. For the first time ; the weather is so warm, so fine. (*With kindness.*) Good morrow,

William. (*With modesty.*) Good morrow, Count.

[*William takes off his cap in a friendly and respectful manner, and whilst Charlotte is present, expresses by gestures his participation in the conversation.*]

Count. I could be angry with you, my lovely girl, if those looks did not disarm my passion.

Charl. Be angry, Sir ! about what ?

Count. Why, to see that this deaf cobbler should have your first greetings.

Charl. He is the son of our landlord, a good quiet lad.

Count. Very odd, that quiet people should always be deemed good people !

Charl. Virtue is never boisterous.

Count. But she is a daughter of Love.

Charl. If that be so, it is to be lamented that the daughter so seldom gets the better of her parent.

Count. The man that is in love never fails to be a good man.

Charl.

THE RECONCILIATION:

Charl. Indeed!

Count. The sun calls forth flowers from the earth; Love rears Virtues in the hearts of man.

Charl. Poor deceived girl! for I have always flattered myself to be good, without love.

Count. Conceit! Of what value is metal without a coin? Love ought to give her stamp to Virtue, to make it current.

Charl. You mean the love of mankind.

Count. Have you renounced all other love?

Charl. Can you put this question to a tender and affectionate daughter?—Oh! do rejoice with me. My father will come down, and for the first time enjoy again the pure air. Here by this lime-tree he will sit, whose foliage he saw last autumn drop in melancholy expectation. Oh, Sir, I am so happy, so thoroughly happy!—Could you but conceive what he has suffered! what privation he has endured—

Count. Privation! that was your fault.

Charl. Mine?

Count. Beyond a doubt. Why didn't you honour me with your confidence? why disdain my assistance?

Charl. Are you also a physician?

Count. Anxiety of mind is worse than illness. I might perhaps have cured the one and relieved the other.

Charl. I don't understand you.

Count. If, for instance, I improved by the use of it, what chance gave me; if, to comfort the sick father, I were to offer my assistance to the dutiful child? (*He draws out his purse, and poises it on his hand.*)

Charl. The dutiful child would then personally introduce the generous man to the beloved patient.

Count.

Count. And suppose he chose to entrust his pious gift only to the hands of the daughter?

Charl. She must then decline it.

Count. In other terms, despise it?

Charl. Not so, Count; there is a kind of tender respect for ourselves, which sometimes by a stranger may be misconstrued into contempt.

Count. But this rose you would not reject?

Charl. By no means. My father is fond of roses, and to-day is his birthday. I thank you, Sir, I will agreeably surprise him with this rose.—

[She makes him a transient curtsy, nods friendly to William, and goes into the house. The Count looks a little foolish.]

Ann. If you don't know how to get rid of your money, Count, I'll inform you that yonder lives an aged blind fisherman. Make him a present of your purse; and then you may call me twenty times old mother, or old witch, as you like best.

[She goes into the house.]

SCENE V.

Count SONNENSTERN, and *WILLIAM.*

Count. These women are making game of me.—Stupid wretches—no manners—if I could but get them to read novels—There is no subduing these novices without a novel.—There is that deaf blockhead—he lives with her under the same roof—I wonder if he, perhaps, might not serve my purpose.—I say, my friend.

[Will. continues working, and pretends to be deaf.]

Count. *(Calling out at his ear.)* I say, my lad.

Will. *(Roughly.)* What's the matter?

Count.

Count. Gently, gently—do you know who is talking to you? I—I am a Count.

Will. Can you make a shoe?

Count. Blockhead!

Will. Well? what are you good for then?

Count. I can lay my cane round your shoulders, if you be not civil.

Will. Hum! A shoemaker can do that as well as you.

Count. Would you like to get money?

Will. Get money? ay, that I would; who will make me get some?

Count. I will.

Will. In an honest way?

Count. In the easiest manner in the world.

Will. The easiest is not always the most honest way. Do you want shoes?

Count. Would you deliver a little billet?

Will. At the post-office?

Count. No, no; in this house to Miss Charlotte? But old Ann should not know it.

Will. Very well. Give me the letter.

Count. But how will you contrive?

Will. Carry it to her father.

Count. To her father? Are you mad?

Will. But I should think the father might read what is written to the daughter.

Count. Fool! what do I want you for then?

Will. Fool? True! true! Never employ a fool when you want a rogue.

Count. That fellow is as stupid as the rest; those folks all want civilizing.—Ho, ho! but here comes a man just as I want him—half a word will do for him.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter EYTERBORN.

Count. Good morrow, my dear neighbour! you come quite to the purpose.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Count. I know you are a man up to any thing.

Eyt. I am an honest man; that all the world knows.

Count. So much the better for you, if all the world knows, or believes you so; for that is all one.

Eyt. What do you mean by that, Count?

Count. There are two sorts of honest men, do you see: the one so for themselves, and the other for the world.

Eyt. Bad principles!

Count. But they'll make a man look plump and fat; don't they now?

Eyt. You seem to be in a chattering humour, and I am busy, Count.

Count. I'll increase your business, dear neighbour. I'll tell you what: I am not to be deterred either by your belly, your wig, or your frigid virtuous mien. I'll make you *mon postillon d'amour*.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Count. A postillion ought to have a horse, you know. I make you a present of my bay mare.

Eyt. (*Eagerly.*) The same you rode yesterday?

Count. That very identical one, that you saw caper so nicely.

Eyt. That with the fine head?

Count. And with that majestic mane.

Eyt. (*Obsequiously.*) *Obligé, très obligé*—What can I oblige you in, Sir?

B

Count.

Count. You know the old collector Bertram?

Eyt. He who lives here? oh, yes, I know him. (*Looking round.*) But talk softly, we are not alone.

Count. That shoemaker, you mean? Never mind him, he is as deaf as a wall.

Eyt. Nothing in the world is deaf; even walls have ears. But what of the old consumptive Collector?

Count. He has a pretty daughter, who is nothing less than consumptive.

Eyt. A green thing yet.

Count. Green! how old was your deceased wife, pray, when you left the mother for the daughter, and compelled the father to give his consent in a hurry?

Eyt. Hush! what do you mean by that?

Count. Dear Eyterborn, we are neighbours' children; and then you know one hears odd things.

Eyt. Hush! hush! such odious things ought not to be revived, especially when the world has lost the recollection of them.

Count. We are here by ourselves. The mask is calculated for the masquerade; but when two friends sit down over a bowl of punch, they will take it off. And so I think it is with the world. When the devil meets his fellow, he pulls off his filk glove, and shakes him by the bare claw. (*Shaking hands with him.*)

[*Will. falls again a singing.*]

Eyt. You are a wicked rogue; but your bay mare makes me overlook your sarcasms. I am, and will be, an honest man for all that.

Count. To be sure, I know people credulous enough

enough to take their oaths of it; do but manage
to as to inspire old Bertram with the same faith.

Eyt. He has that.

Count. And Charlotte—

Eyt. Oh, she takes every one for honest.

Count. So much the better.

Eyt. I'll thank you to be as brief as you can.

Count. I'll be as laconic as a Spartan. I am
going to be married—

Eyt. I wish you joy.

Count. To a lady of great fortune.

Eyt. That's clever.

Count. And young—

Eyt. Excellent!

Count. And as ugly as the devil.

Eyt. Indeed!

Count. Now I should wish at least to see her
ugly ladyship waited on by a handsome maid.

Eyt. Very natural.

Count. Old Bertram is a poor devil.

Eyt. He is, truly.

Count. He'll be glad to get a place for his
daughter.

Eyt. May be. But he is very capricious, very
proud, and very partial to virtue.

Count. Well; you must tell him, that my in-
tended is likewise a very religious and virtuous
lady. (*Laughing.*) And I think, upon my honour,
it is fact.

Eyt. He most certainly is in distress. He has
incurred some debts, and we ought to avail our-
selves of that circumstance.

Count. Well said. You meanwhile may fully
dispose of my purse. And if you succeed, there
will be fifty louis-d'ors for yourself.

THE RECONCILIATION:

Eyt. Only don't talk of it. All must be kept secret—mind decorum—you wouldn't believe all a man may do, provided he contrives matters properly.

Count. Very right, my dear Mentor. I am your Telemachus to the utmost extent of the meaning.

Will. (*Rising to the Count.*) You have got a hole in your shoe; shall I mend it?

Count. Fool!—I have cut it out myself, the corns hurt me.

Will. Cut it out himself? ay, that's the way. (*Apart.*) When your conscience is somewhat too narrow, and bad deeds begin to torture the soul, cut a hole in it, and it will do.

Count. I now leave you to your operations. Let me embrace you, my dear friend.

Eyt. Serviteur. Our friendship is rather young.

Count. When an honest couple want each other's good services, friendship proceeds with the steps of a giant. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Eyt. A shrewd fellow! I must proceed prudently with him; I must cover my retreat. Young people will brag of their success, when they have attained their aim. They'll steal fruit in a stranger's orchard, and hiss the gardener into the bargain—That might hurt my reputation—Thank God, my honesty is so well established, that people would swear to it, though they caught me in a burglary. Ha! ha! he! The people will believe any thing, repeat any thing, if you have

have but patience to tell it a million times.—I am an honest man—I have been telling them these twenty years; and behold, every child in the street will call out, as I go along, There is an honest man. (*Looking at William.*) Curse that fellow, for his bawling.

SCENE VIII.

PHILIP, BERTRAM, CHARLOTTE *knitting*.

Phil. Let me sit down here, child; here it is warm and pleasant.

Eyt. Serviteur, Collector.

Phil. Welcome, good Eyterborn: I have not seen you these many weeks.

Eyt. A journey on business—Has any thing happened since?

Phil. A great deal, a monstrous great deal; the most important thing in the world: I am well again.

Eyt. I give you joy.

Phil. I thank you, thank you. Yes, yes, God Almighty has granted me again a little breath. I have often requested my daughter to sing me that pretty song of Claudius,

Oh! do but grant a breath of air;

Thou hast such stores of it.

Eyt. The genial spring will further contribute to your recovery. You take a walk to your garden—

Phil. Don't mention that garden. I wish it had been swallowed up in an earthquake, rather than it should have set two brothers by the ears these fifteen years.

Eyt. It is the first time I hear you say so.

Phil. Alas! I must fall ill to have a sound thought!

Eyt. He, that has the purest right on his side, like you—

Phil. Oh! dear friend; when a man has been so near, as I have now been, the bar of that court, where no one is right, and where Mercy connives at transgression, he had rather not be over-positive. For that very reason I have requested my good friend Dr. Blum—and he has taken the charge upon himself—to have this unbrotherly quarrel settled before the court of conscience.

Eyt. (*Startled.*) Before the court of conscience? Are you in earnest *?

Phil. I have been resolved on it eight days.

Eyt. And you told me nothing about it?

Phil. You were absent.

Eyt. But, good heavens! what are the laws for, if conscience is to decide?

Phil. We have laws to torment one another, and a conscience to make up for those torments.

Eyt. But suppose your brother won't listen to any proposals?

Phil. Then I'll make him a present of the garden; for I want rest, and am too poor to continue the suit. As soon as I can again follow my business, and get a few dollars, I'll apply them to the education of my daughter;—she wants it, and is unprovided for.

Charl. You have taught me to pray and work; what do I want more?

Phil. Now-a-days much more. The young

* The court of conscience was instituted by the Empress Catharine; it has since been annihilated. This institution had crushed many a lawsuit in its very birth.—*Note of the Author.*

gentlemen care little about your prayers, and will ask, if you can dance.

Charl. What are the young gentlemen to me?

Phil. You would, in our days, not even do for a lady's maid in a fashionable family; for they would not inquire about your prayers. Miss, will they say, can you make a cap? can you wash lace? and such things.

Charl. I can sew, knit, cook, bake—

Phil. And love your father, and that is all. A great deal for me, but for a grand lady a mere trifle, child.

Eyt. But I know a young lady of fortune, that is going to be married, and is richer in virtue than in gold. She wants a modest young woman about her. I am your friend, and an honest man. If I can procure that place for Miss, you may—

Charl. (*Clinging round her father.*) Here is my place.

Phil. I thank you, good Eyterborn. More of that another time.

Charl. No; you will not discard me.

Phil. Discard thee, child? No; I am anxious for thy happiness.

Charl. I have been unhappy only once in my life. It was when you were so ill.

Phil. But futurity—

Charl. My father will never ask me, if I can wash lace.

SCENE IX.

Dr. BLUM.

Blum. Oho! I am glad to see you for the first time in the open air.

Phil. Welcome, Doctor. Come, let's shake hands.

Charl. (Very friendly.) Good morrow, dear Doctor.

Phil. How happy must a physician feel, that restores the father of a family to health, and the supporter of a helpless orphan!

Blum. If his art were always as sure as his good intentions.

Phil. It is not less pleasing to belong to a class of men, upon whom every stranger has a right to call for advice and assistance. When I coughed, spit blood, and was going full speed to the open grave—I was a stranger to you—you came to me by day and by night, in storm and rain; and though you could not always relieve me, your friendly good-natured look would comfort my child, and inspire me with confidence. I did not know you; I am a poor man; a sense of humanity brought you to my couch. Oh, blessed be the profession, whose sole motive is the love of mankind!

Blum. Have you my permission to talk so much?

Phil. The effusions of an overflowing heart are not to be calculated by the strength of the lungs. I this day keep the anniversary of my fifty-third year; and I have to thank you for it. This good girl is not yet fatherless, and I have to thank you for it.

Blum. I must indeed, my good man, in the quality of a physician, prohibit you to exert yourself so much. It is an attribute of great souls to carry their gratitude too far. I have done my duty; would to God my recompence were always such!—This visit is the visit of a friend; you have no farther occasion for the physician. When we were last night talking of your birth-day, I hoped to surprise you this morning with the agreeable intelligence of the adjustment of your lawsuit.

Phil.

Phil. What a precious present it would have been!

Blum. I have not yet given up all hopes. The judge of our court of conscience is the noblest soul I ever knew; perhaps the only man in the world who loves virtue for her own sake: he alternately acts the part of a judge, of a father, of a brother. Conviction flows from his lips, and the milk of human nature gushes forth from his heart. Do his generous exertions miss their aim—his nights are destitute of sleep; but has he succeeded in bringing about harmony and peace—he certainly lies down more content than those to whom he gave them.

Phil. Heavens bless him!

Blum. You may perhaps this very day receive a testimony of his unrelenting exertions in doing good.

Eyt. You are very expeditious, Doctor.

Blum. There can't be too much dispatch in doing good.

Eyt. There may be too great dispatch in that too. The Collector was just on the very road of obtaining a verdict in his favour; costs and all.

Blum. Costs and all! And are the fifteen years lost to fraternal affection and tranquillity comprised among the charges?

Eyt. (*With a sneer.*) One plainly perceives that the Doctor is a novel-writer.

Blum. What harm is there in that? Men are often so bad in real life, that one finds true delight in conjuring better beings from the regions of fancy. It is rather odd, that some shallow heads should, with an air of disdain, look down on a novel writer, and strive to persuade the world that he is fit for nothing else.

Eyt. There may be a good reason for it: the
more

more solid sciences are often neglected for these trifling pursuits.

Blum. We well know what the gentlemen of the bar call solid science: barbarous constructions and phrases, which nobody understands.

Eyt. And do people understand your prescriptions?

Blum. Alas! no, Sir: and I give you leave to turn our quackish cant as much into ridicule as you please.

Eyt. You are caught, Doctor. Every profession has, and by rights ought to have, its quackery, to command respect. You have your *recipe*, and I have my *clausula rati, grati, et indemnificationis*. Serviteur. [Exit.

Blum. He seems displeased at your inclination to make up matters.

Phil. Soldiers and lawyers never pray for peace.

Blum. That court of conscience is a thorn in his side.

Phil. His intentions are good.

Blum. At least all the town says so. For all that, there are people fortunate enough to be deemed honest, without being able to account for it.

Phil. Bad enough, that the fame of honesty should, as many other things, depend upon the caprice of fortune, and be the sport of chance.

Ann. (Entering.) Breakfast is ready.

Phil. Directly; coming directly. The pure air has given me appetite. Won't you be a witness to it, Doctor?

Blum. I have a patient in the neighbourhood.

Phil. Then I'll not detain you a minute. I know with what anxiety a patient waits for the appearance of the doctor. Farewell, till we meet again. [He enters the house, supported by Ann.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Charl. (Approaching with diffidence.) What will you think of me, dear Doctor, that I was so silent when my father thanked you so much? But God knows how it happens; every time any body does me some great service, my tears will flow much faster than my words.

Blum. Tears are the interpreters of the heart.

Charl. I could have wept with pleasure, but I durst not in that lawyer's presence.

Blum. And durst you before me, good child?

Charl. Before you? Oh, yes! In that dreadful night, when my father lost so much blood, I saw tears run down your own cheeks.

Blum. I was wrong then. The heart of a physician should be in full steel and armour, like the body of a tortoise.

Charl. God forbid! They could not then feel any satisfaction when they have restored happiness to a distressed family. Oh! it must be a charming thing to help men in the most desperate cases. *(With great vivacity.)* Had I been a boy, I might have learnt to write prescriptions—might myself have cured my father. How useful, how happy would I have been!

Blum. I must bear you testimony, that your kind nursing has done him more good than my medicines.

Charl. (Delighted.) Indeed! Are you in earnest?

Blum. In full earnest.

Charl. (Bursting out in tears of joy.) Oh, Sir! you don't know what inexpressible joy these words of yours give me. My father will now live to be an old man, won't he?

Blum. If he be careful; not exert himself too much—not indulge his passions.

Charl. That is my care. I will watch him, I will keep him from every thing that might prove dangerous to his health.

Blum. But will you always be about him?

Charl. Always? Yes; always.

Blum. But, if different duties should call you?

Charl. Different ones? More sacred ones never.

Blum. The duties of a wife—of a mother?

Charl. No; I will never marry.

Blum. Never marry?

Charl. No; if I must leave my father.

Blum. But you would then give him a son.

Charl. And the son would rob him of his daughter.

Blum. But suppose there was a man, who could procure your father a tranquil old age, free from care; a man, who, far from robbing him of the tender solicitude of his daughter, would sling the tie of love and homely felicity round three good souls; who would live under your roof, increase your joys, and share your sorrows?

Charl. Aye, if there were such a one.

Blum. Could you love that man?

Charl. How could I do otherwise?

Blum. And if your father requested you to give that man your hand and heart—

Charl. With pleasure! But that would be all I could give him; for we are poor.

Blum. Oh! you don't know how rich you are—

Charl. If honesty counts for riches.

Blum. Oh, yes! there are still men in this bad world who know the value of honesty; just as, in a desert, a man knows to value a piece of bread, which in our sumptuous palaces no lap-dog would deign to touch. Farewell, good child: I lose myself when I am with you. Remember our conver-

fation. A time may soon come, when I'll remind you of it. [Exit.

SCENE XI.

CHARLOTTE, WILLIAM.

Charl. (*Sunk in deep thought.*) What did he mean by that? Remember our conversation! (*After a pause, with a deep sigh.*) Oh! I think I could never have forgot it. [*Advancing slowly towards the house.*

Will. (*Rises.*) Dear Miss!

Charl. (*Friendly.*) Well, William!

Will. I hope you will not take it amiss—

Charl. No, William.

Will. I have just finished a pair of shoes—

Charl. So I see.

Will. As this is your father's birth-day, and as your fondness for him is such as to extract tears from my eyes, whilst I was witnessing it on yon stool, I would venture—but pray don't be angry with me—

Charl. How can I be angry? Your intentions are so pure.

Will. (*Laying his hand on his heart, and his eyes lifted up towards heaven.*) Yes, yes indeed, my intentions are pure.

Charl. Well then, speak freely.

Will. I wish—you would—take these paltry pair of shoes as a present from me.

Charl. I thank you, good William; and will occasionally return your kindness.

Will. No; that you must not. Oh! I am so glad you do not despise my shoes.

Charl. Fie! a present given with a good heart—who could despise it?

Will. Do you say so, good Miss? Well then,
you

you have paid for the shoes over and over. The money of that great gentleman—oh, I have seen all!—you have rejected; and you take a pair of shoes of poor William! I know why—Poor William's intentions are pure and honest. That Count, or whatever he may be—be aware of him; the lawyer is his accomplice. On this very spot they have talked of things, of which only people of fashion can talk with that indifference; and yet they looked at one another without a blush. I will not repeat them, it wouldn't become me. But beware of the Pharisees!

Charl. I thank you, honest William. Now I take your present with still greater pleasure; and when bad people shall ever attempt to entrap me with alluring language, I'll look down upon your shoes, and think of your warning.

[Enters the house.]

SCENE XII.

Will. (*Wiping a tear from his eyes.*) That is a young lady, so good, so condescending—Oh, could the house but burn down over her head, that I might precipitate myself into the flames and rescue her! Here she stood; Honest William, she said. Mind that, William; if thou be not honest now to thy very last breath, thou oughtest to go bare-foot to hell.

[The curtain drops.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

A Room in FRANK BERTRAM'S House.

SCENE I.

JACK BULLER, *sitting at a Table, on which there is Wine and somewhat for Nunccheon.*

FIFTY-THREE years old! Long live—
(*drinks*) how long?—all one, provided he outlive me. Lay his sword and scabbard cross-ways on his coffin; lead his horse in mourning trappings behind his corpse—no, do that who will.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. GRIM.

Mrs. Grim. Good God! at the bottle again?

Jack. Yes, Mrs. Grim; I am drinking to the health of my brave master.

Mrs. Grim. Curse that drinking to people's health; it is the very thing that makes them ill. Whoever drinks every body's health drinks his own away.

Jack. I drink only two, the king's and my master's.

Mrs. Grim. The king's! very patriotic upon my word. The old Collector, our master's brother,

ther, very likely had got himself into a consumption by drinking the king's health.

Jack. (In a passion.) What! *(Containing himself.)* I'll tell you what, Mrs. Grim; you are ill informed. I'll tell you to a hair what has occasioned his consumption.

Mrs. Grim. Well.

Jack. He once had an ill-natured housekeeper, who during the day kept scolding his servants, and at night regaled him with hymns.

Mrs. Grim. For the good of his soul, likely.

Jack. A true Xantippe, that would give him his wine by drops, and hide bottles full of Danzig cherry-water under her bed.

Mrs. Grim. Indeed!

Jack. In short, a Xantippe; who—your health, Mrs. Grim. Brr! that went down my throat like fused lead.

Mrs. Grim. What stuff do you drink there that is so bad?

Jack. Will you taste it? *(Filling a glass.)*

Mrs. Grim. Let's see. *(Empties the glass at one breath.)* Hem! that tastes somewhat like—pray fill again. *(Jack fills, and she drinks as before.)* No, that's good for nothing.

Jack. May be; but then it costs no more than twelve kreuzers: twelve kreuzers honestly got.

Mrs. Grim. Come to-night to my little room, there I'll give you something nice.

Jack. Thank you, Madam: I want no sleeping draught to lull my conscience to rest.

Mrs. Grim. You are, and always will be, a grumbler; a queer fish: there is no dealing with you.

Jack. I am too old to alter my habits.

Mrs. Grim. You might procure yourself good old days.

Jack.

Jack. Well! an't I enjoying myself?

Mrs. Grim. With that floe-juice!—ha! ha! ha!

Jack. Sour wine will sweeten as it passes through an honest throat, Mrs. Grim.

Mrs. Grim. Ay, ay! you talk a good deal of honesty; but you never go to church, and never sing a hymn.

Jack. And I never rob my master, nor speak scandal of my neighbour.

Mrs. Grim. You might at least attend at my prayers in the evening.

Jack. And help you to count your money.

Mrs. Grim. And not always tell tales to your master—

Jack. But shut my eyes.

Mrs. Grim. You are a droll man. What do we serve for? Master has no children.

Jack. Master has a brother and a niece.

Mrs. Grim. He has indeed: bad people! that will vex and plague him on purpose: and to them he is to leave all that fine fortune.

Jack. (*Archly significant.*) As to that—if Heaven grants him long life, there won't be much left to bequeath.

Mrs. Grim. How long can the old grumbler live yet? he is going very fast, that's plain enough.

Jack. (*Earnestly.*) Think you so?

Mrs. Grim. His faculties decay apace.

Jack. (*Terrified.*) Do they?

Mrs. Grim. Yet a couple of months—

Jack. What!

Mrs. Grim. Suppose we grant him till October; till the next fall of the leaves?

Jack. What, so soon? (*Affected.*) Oh, no! (*Displeased.*) No! (*Stamping with his foot.*) No! no!

Mrs. Grim. You may say a hundred times over, No! when death says, Yes! he is likely to have the last word. But there is the consequence: had master taken my miraculous essence of Hall—

Jack. When the leaves fall off the trees! has the doctor said so?

Mrs. Grim. What doctor? I understand those matters full as well as that green doctor. Master has the gout; that will fix in his stomach, and gone he is.

Jack. Well, I wish you may bite the dust before the cherries are ripe. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Mrs. GRIM; soon afterward EYTERBORN.

Mrs. Grim. Disagreeable fellow! I must spare him; he has ingratiated himself with my master. I have driven twenty servants out of the house with a single word; but of that confounded grumbler I cannot rid myself.

Eyt. (*Stepping forward very softly.*) Good morrow, my revered friend.

Mrs. Grim. (*Very friendly.*) God bless you, dear Mr. Eyterborn. What brings you so early?

Eyt. Early, indeed; and yet too late.

Mrs. Grim. What's the meaning of that?

Eyt. There are serious things going forward.

Mrs. Grim. Serious things!

Eyt. The old man will come to an agreement—

Mrs. Grim. (*Frightened.*) With his brother?

Eyt. The suit has been carried before the court of conscience.

Mrs. Grim. Impossible!

Eyt.

Eyt. I have just left the court; both the brothers have signed full powers.

Mrs. Grim. To whom?

Eyt. To Dr. Blum.

Mrs. Grim. To that fop? without mentioning a single syllable of me! without taking your advice!

Eyt. Gently, gently, Mrs. Grim; passion will spoil all.

Mrs. Grim. What must we do then?

Eyt. Countermine; create suspicion against the intruding pacificator; work up the minds of the parties.

Mrs. Grim. And if that don't take?

Eyt. If that fail—well, then they will compromise matters; proceed to a reconciliation; then an affecting scene will take place; the two old fools will shed hot tears; the young niece will flatter and caress the old uncle, and lay hold of his succession.

Mrs. Grim. Lay hold of the succession! wrench it out of my hands!

Eyt. Yes, yes, Mrs. Grim. That is the reward of all the trouble you have been at these many years; all your cares and anxiety have served to no other purpose than to scrape together a rich dowry for that foolish girl.

Mrs. Grim. Hold, Sir! I am going to faint away.

Eyt. I would faint away three times if I could but help it.

Mrs. Grim. In fact, sweet friend of my soul, you are, after all, the greatest loser of the two. I never had any thing in view but your dear person.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Mrs. Grim. When I was saving night and day, and now and then cabbaged a penny, I did it only that I might not make a tender of an empty hand to my future consort.

Eyt. Obligé.

Mrs. Grim. My fortune indeed is but scanty. What is a couple of thousand dollars? All my hopes were fixed on that succession.

Eyt. If it were but signed only.

Mrs. Grim. Well, God's will be done! I am confident that my future dear husband has not chosen me for the gain of temporary treasures.

Eyt. But, Mrs. Grim, whilst we live in this temporary world, we shall stand in need of these temporary treasures.

Mrs. Grim. Industry, economy, (*affectedly*) and love—

Eyt. Serviteur.

Mrs. Grim. You are an honest man.

Eyt. (*His hand on his breast.*) That I am; and you a religious woman.

Mrs. Grim. That I am. Then we will not despond; but set to work like good Christians, and bring confusion and shame on our enemies. But should the wicked triumph, we shall always have a hut, wherein we may dwell in love and harmony. Shan't we, my dear Mr. Eyterborn?

Eyt. Alas! those huts, those huts appear sweet only in pastoral poems. I could like a nice bequest better than all the huts throughout the Roman empire.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

FRANK BERTRAM enters on a Crutch.

Frank. Good morrow, children; good morrow. I have slept cursedly late this morning. I may thank the late visit of last night for it.

Eyt. Had you many guests last night, my patron?

Frank. Only one guest; only one, Sir; and may the devil take him. One is full enough. The gout, friend! the gout! (*Sitting down.*) Sit down, if you please; stand, if you won't fit. With me things are gone so far, that I might as well be nailed to my chair.

Eyt. It is a distemper which only raps at the doors of the rich.

Frank. Rap at the door, Sir! It breaks in by night like a thief.

Mrs. Grim. Had you taken my wonderful essence of Hall—

Frank. (*In a passion.*) I'll tell you what, Mrs. Grim; keep your wonderful essences for yourself: none of them for me. I can't for my life bear the idea of your wonders. The other day a famous bass finger was advertised: but I would not go to his performance, only because his name was Wonder.

Mrs. Grim. You did right, Sir; that fellow sung nothing but profane songs, airs of the opera, and such worldly profligacy.

Frank. Pray what did you talk of when I came in? let me hear, pray.

Eyt. We were talking—

Mrs. Grim. We lamented—

Eyt. We wondered—

Mrs. Grim. And were vexed—

Frank. What? at what?

Eyt. That it is so easy for bad people to over-reach the good.

Frank. Nothing else? The old song—

Eyt. I hear, Captain, you have given full powers to Dr. Blum.

Frank. Yes, so I have.

Mrs. Grim. You will compromise matters with your brother?

Frank. Yes, I will.

Eyt. Very odd, after fifteen years.

Frank. I ought to have done it fifteen years ago, sure enough.

Eyt. Just at the time when your cause has taken so favourable a turn—

Frank. That's the very thing: it always turns, and never goes forward.

Eyt. The point of incidence concerning the *forum privilegiatum* was to be decided this very week.

Frank. And what was I to gain by that?

Eyt. The certain knowledge of the court that is to decide in the affair. I

Frank. Indeed! and then we were to have it all over again? Thus I have in fifteen years so far succeeded as to know where I must bring the action.

Eyt. That is not my fault; I am an honest man.

Frank. I know that.

Eyt. The chicanery of your brother—

Frank. For that very reason. He seemed to be disposed to lodge me under hatches. But I have now chased him from the ocean of Chicane to Court

Court of Conscience harbour, and there I'll block him up. He shan't escape, I warrant ye.

Eyt. I dare say he'll be glad to get off so well.

Frank. What do you call well? Think you the court of conscience will adjudge him the garden?

Eyt. (Shrugging up his shoulders.) Who knows?

Frank. And if so, the whole trash is not worth above three hundred dollars, and the suit cost me as many thousands.

Mrs. Grim. What vexes me is, that this wicked man should be right at last.

Frank. Be right? No such thing, Mrs. Grim. He may get the garden, but not with right.

Mrs. Grim. Your paternal possession.

Frank. Ay, that it was.

Eyt. Whilst you were encountering a thousand dangers on the high seas—

Mrs. Grim. He snatches away the garden as Jacob did the rights of his first-born brother.

Frank. Ay, so he did, the scoundrel.

Mrs. Grim. And now he is besides to be your heir.

Frank. My heir! who says so?

Mrs. Grim. If you compromise—

Frank. What then?

Mrs. Grim. You will then certainly come to a formal reconciliation.

Frank. Never.

Mrs. Grim. There will then be great joy in this house.

Eyt. Well, Mrs. Grim, no harm done. We shall at least have a good dinner for all our trouble.

Mrs. Grim. I won't touch a saucepan, I warrant ye. Young Miss may go and dress the vic-tuals herself.

Eyt. She will do that with pleasure. She rejoices already in the idea of managing the property of her dear uncle.

Frank. Avaunt there! Don't put me in a passion. What's all this foolish talk?

Eyt. Miss Bertram will know how to insinuate herself. She will turn the cloak to the wind. She had scarcely been apprized of an agreement being set on foot, but she immediately broke off all her little intrigues; because she thought dear uncle might take them amiss, and lessen her dowry.

Frank. What! has the girl an intrigue?

Eyt. I wouldn't take upon me to say so. I am an honest man, you know; and had rather say any thing that is good of my neighbour. There is a Count Sonnenstern, a nice young nobleman; he makes himself at home at the Collector's, frequently takes a walk with Miss—

Mrs. Grim. Takes a walk? Good Heaven!

Eyt. And in the evening will sit at the street-door with her—

Mrs. Grim. In the evening! Oh shame!

Frank. Thunder and lightning! the impudent huffy!

Eyt. How would it have been possible for your brother to keep up so expensive a lawsuit, if he had not thought of all these little means to procure cash?

Frank. Little means? a plague on such little means!

Eyt. May be the Doctor has also some inclination for the girl; but he will not take her without money: hence he is so anxious to bring about a reconciliation.

Frank. Avaunt there, Sir! leave the Doctor alone.

alone. That man is as true as the needle of a compass; he always points to the pole of virtue.

Eyt. May be I am wrong. As an honest man, and your attorney, I am obliged to tell you my opinion.

Frank. Thank ye, thank ye. I'll occasionally make use of your advice. It is not at all for the sake of my brother that I wish for an agreement; I only want to be quiet. Fifteen years ago I'd have preferred to be set ashore on an uninhabited island, to giving up an hair's breadth of my right. But now I am getting old; I am sickly; should wish to die in peace, and not to have my last days embittered by a lawsuit.

Eyt. Very laudable.

Mrs. Grim. And christian-like!

Frank. But if my brother has a mind to angle in muddy water, and if he and his pretty Miss aim at my succession, they have made their reckoning without their host.

Eyt. That's talking like a man now.

Mrs. Grim. And justly too.

Eyt. If the Captain should think of a will—

Mrs. Grim. (In a whining tone.) Oh! don't talk of wills; it will break my heart.

Eyt. Well, well, Mrs. Grim; a man don't die a minute the sooner for that. The Captain loves order.

Frank. Very right; I'll think of it.

Eyt. Some Christian foundation—

Frank. No such thing, Sir. Awaft! that won't do.

Eyt. Or some reward for honest services.

Frank. Ay, there is sense in that.

Mrs. Grim. Oh dear! who would not do any thing

thing for so good a master, even without a reward in this world? Heaven grant him long life!

Frank. Thank you, Mrs. Grim. I'll not forget you.

SCENE V.

Enter Dr. Blum.

Frank. Welcome, dear Doctor. (*Pointing at his feet*) The enemy holds out bravely yet.

Blum. We will make peace with him.

Frank. Could we but come to an amnesty meanwhile.

Blum. When ease and tranquillity have concluded peace in the cabinet of the mind, the rebellious subjects lay down their arms of their own accord.

Eyt. There's a physician for you, that cures people with sentences.

Blum. A most excellent medicine: it's a pity that so few bodies are affected by it.

Eyt. Pacificators will seldom please both parties.

Blum. For that reason many people prefer to create dissensions—

Mrs. Grim. Much better than to meddle with eggs not yet laid.

Blum. Particularly if snake eggs.

Frank. Avast! avast! I tell you. That looks much like an engagement. I begin to see your drift. The one would have me steer to the windward, the other to the leeward. Both wish me well—may think their own course to be the best. But my vessel is leaky; I'll follow him who points out a secure harbour, and bids me winter there.

Blum.

Blum. Well said, Captain. — Keep true to these sentiments, and the gout will never get the better of you.

Frank. If it were not for my health, I'd persecute that wicked fellow to the very grave.

Blum. That did not come from your heart.

Frank. No, nor should it. If the heart palliates a crime, and were it a brother's crime, the heart is an old gossip.

Blum. Your brother is neither profligate nor criminal.

Frank. He has these fifteen years been dragging me from tribunal to tribunal.

Blum. Who has commenced the action?

Frank. I have; and why? I do not quarrel with him for that paltry bit of a garden; but for the love of our parents. "Brother," said I to him, "that won't do. The world will think I am an undutiful child; and that our father has bequeathed all to thee, because thy brother is a good-for-nothing fellow. Seest thou, brother," said I, "that won't do? My honour—my heart—my fame is hurt—let's share conscientiously."

But that he would not; he built his claims on a surreptitious will; "He could not," said he, "injure his minor infant."—Woe on the man who accumulates unjust wealth for his children!

Mrs. Grim. Yes, yes; woe on that man!

Blum. The accumulation of wealth here seems to be quite out of the question. The object, by your own account, is too trifling. Say rather that your passions have interfered; and what class of men fare better by the passions than the gentlemen of the law?

Eyt. Serviteur.

Blum. Had you calmly stated your claims—I know

know your brother—he would have yielded. But you would make a noise; you flew into a passion, and so did he. The flame rose high; mischievous people poured oil on it, and a fire was lighted, which lasted fifteen years, whilst dissension between two brothers gave it fuel. Every rash expression that escaped you was immediately reported to your brother; every biting answer of his, increased with additions as it travelled along, was imprinted hot on your heart. The most unmeaning words from his lips were sharpened into pointed arrows; and every insignificant seaman's oath of yours was construed into a blow with a sword. Your friends took your part, whilst his friends did the same by him. In fact, you were both wrong. But there are good friends, that will sanction every thing, and say inwardly—What is it to me? I won't fall out with him about it.—There were others (*looking significantly at Eysterborn,*) who acted the part of a good friend both with you and your brother; who, under the pretence of bringing about a reconciliation, rendered the affair still more intricate; who created suspicion and distrust, conjured up phantoms, and led you into the labyrinths of the goddess of Jurisprudence, whose waxen nose you may easily twist whither you please, but will never melt in the ray of philanthropy. In this manner lawsuits arise, Captain; in this manner poison is mixed in the cup of human happiness; in this manner the mortal blow is given to fraternal love and harmony. Oh, Sir! could we deprive lawsuits of that fuel which they derive from conceit and obstinacy on one hand, from irresolution, insinuation, and cupidity on the other, our judges would

would be at little trouble, and we might see our lawyers starve with hunger.

Eyt. Thank you for the prognostic.

Mrs. Grim. What a pity the Doctor isn't a preacher!

Frank. Truth is a good thing in the mouth of any man.

Blum. I bring you the cheering hope of seeing your suit at an end this very day.

Eyt. True.

Mrs. Grim. Well, that is excellent!

Frank. My best thanks, friend.

Eyt. Probably concessions will be made on both sides.

Blum. Very probably.

Eyt. Both by him who is right, and by him who is wrong?

Blum. By both; for there never existed an action yet, in which one of the parties was perfectly right.

Frank. May be. I wish to be rid of it at any rate. If it concerned even the gardens of the Hesperides, or the famous park of Stowe in England, I would sacrifice them for the pleasure of spending my few remaining years quietly in the shade of the lime-tree that stands before my house.

Blum. I have made no bad use of your full powers, and I hope you will be satisfied with my exertions. Oh, with what ecstasy I am waiting for the moment when I shall lead your brother to your embraces, and when I shall see a tear trickle down along the furrows which discord has engraven on the fraternal cheek!

Frank. Avast, Doctor! that won't do. The suit may be compromised; be it so in the name of

of God. But as to that gentleman, my brother, let him keep aloof.

Blum. If that were the case, it would be a good action left half way.

Frank. A wretch, who is the pander of his own daughter—

Blum. What ! Who ventures to utter this aspersions ?

Frank. Young Count Sonnenstern—with him she is so intimate, that all the neighbourhood talks of it.

Blum. A most scandalous falsehood. What venomous infect has contaminated the purity of that flower ?

Frank. All one ; I sha'n't inquire into the merits of the story. Suffice it, that I hate her father, and he hates me.

Blum. He hate you ! he does not indeed ! Had you this very morning been a witness to the feelings with which he received his daughter's congratulations on the occasion of his birthday—to those feelings, with which he dwelt on the recollection, that you were twins, and that consequently this was also your birthday—

Frank. Did he so ?

Eyt. Your birthday ?

Mrs. Grim. Good heavens ! and no one has thought of it !

Frank. All one.

Blum. Your brother has thought of it. With rapture he spoke of those happy times, when on this day there was a family feast kept in homely concord.

Frank. Ay, ay ; those were happy times—and did he speak of them ?

Blum. Your mother, he said, used to be so happy then.

Frank. Yes, she used to be very happy on that day.

Blum. She then used to take you both in her arms, and to exhort you to concord.

Frank. Yes, she did so.

Blum. During the last year of her life, she said, When I am gone, long gone, remember me on this day, and let me revive in your mutual affection.

Frank. (*Highly affected.*) Yes, she said so.

Blum. Then you embraced each other, and whilst a mother's tear dropped on your cheeks, you vowed one another eternal love. Your brother's sobs stopped his voice.

Frank. (*Displeased at his weakness.*) Nor can I hear you talk of it without shedding tears.

Eyt. (*Making a signal to Mrs. Grim.*) Please, Captain, to accept of the hearty congratulation of an honest man.

Frank. Thank ye, thank ye.

Mrs. Grim. (*Solemnly.*) May Heaven pour prosperity, health, and happiness, on the remotest days—

Frank. A vast; full enough.

Mrs. Grim. Good God! The Captain's birthday cannot, must not be kept so privately.

Frank. Yes, privately; I like that best.

Blum. The hours of contentment flow silently along.

Mrs. Grim. But we must have an almond cake.

Frank. No occasion for it.

Mrs. Grim. Ah, but I won't be deprived of that satisfaction.

Frank. Be it so then, if that can make you happy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Grim. (To the Doctor.) The almond cake won't hurt the Captain, I hope?

Blum. Nothing will hurt, that is taken with an easy mind.

Mrs. Grim. Your servant. Now, no living soul shall make me stir from the kitchen till dinner-time; and whilst I am baking the cake I'll sing a hymn to the praise of the Lord. Then every thing prospers. (*Secretly to Eyterborn.*) At four o'clock I expect you in my little room.

Eyt. (Looking at his watch.) I am called to my occupations. Should the agreement fail, and Captain Bertram want the service of an honest man—

Frank. The honest man will be welcome at any time, even without his services.

Eyt. Serviteur. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

FRANK BERTRAM, *Doctor* BLUM.

Frank. That Mrs. Grim is however a good soul. She looks like a monkey, but she has a good heart.

Blum. If the countenance were the mirror of the soul, as some people will have it—

Frank. Nonsense. The soul is reflected only in a man's actions, and not in his countenance. I have known many an honest man with the face of a satyr, and many a rogue as handsome as an Adonis. There is Mrs. Grim; what pains that poor woman takes, and for what? No rest either by day or by night! A continual plague! Continually harassed with the cares of the house!

Blum. I could wish her manners were somewhat more obliging.

Frank.

Frank. True, Doctor. But there is so little good done in this world, that one ought to be glad to take it of any body, be his manners what they will. A clear spring refreshes, though it come from a rugged rock—and as to manners, what are mine, pray? Are they pleasant? I am scolding all day long.

Blum. A painful disorder excuses ill humour.

Frank. What! is illness an excuse? and a good heart none? No, no, Doctor; leave Mrs. Grim alone. God forgive me, if I often snarl at her like a husband.

Blum. (*Smiling.*) God forgive you the comparison.

Frank. (*With indifference.*) I have never been married.

Blum. So much the worse.

Frank. That depends upon circumstances. Suppose now I had a wife, that from her corner would look at me with a frown, and say to herself, There he sits—has got the gout—ill humour—plagues me day and night—and I am tied to him, must endure him whether I choose or not. No, Doctor, I must praise Mrs. Grim for that; she does all for me of her own accord; no chains rivet her to my person; she will go and bake an almond cake for me, though the parson hasn't united us.

Blum. She may thank her saints to have met with a man, whose heart is good enough to accept of an almond cake as a pledge of love. What a happy life a tender spouse would lead with you! You very likely never witnessed the sweet effusions of a happy husband and father at the celebration of his birthday?

Frank. No, never.

Blum. When the little ones stand watching at
D the

the chamber-door to see if their father is awake, and meanwhile rehearse in a hurry the few verses they have got off in honour of the day. Now, they step into the room, their hair nicely combed, with their best clothes on, whilst the mother stands concealed behind the curtain, and drops a tear of joy on its trimmings.

Frank. Ay, ay, it must be very pretty.

Blum. When the mother, who early stole from his side, diffidently comes forth from her concealment, and bride-like sinks in his embrace to present him with a waistcoat, or a purse, which she knit for him without his knowledge—

Frank. An almond cake will do quite as well.

Blum. Oh sure! A good heart will convert paltry crystals into diamonds. When Love presents the boon, the beggar is as good as his king.

Frank. Well said, Doctor.

SCENE VII.

Enter JACK BULLER.

Jack. (Good-naturedly.) Good day to you, Captain.

Frank. Good day to you, Jack.

Jack. This is your birthday, Sir.

Frank. I know.

Jack. I am heartily rejoiced at it.

Frank. I know that likewise.

Jack. You yesterday broke your sea foam tobacco-pipe.

Frank. Well, Jack booby, what business have you to put me in mind of it? It was a cursed foolish trick. You must know, Doctor, I suffered last night most confoundedly in that great toe. Your bath

bath of muriatic acid, that your Mr. Rowley, or what you call him, has so much recommended, wouldn't do; and so, I smack'd the pipe on the floor, and dash'd it to a thousand pieces: that didn't mend matters neither. But mind ye, Jack Buller, all men will play foolish tricks, but I have met none yet, that liked to be put in mind of them.

Jack. I meant no harm, Sir; it was to serve only as a kind of introduction. I have bought this wooden head, and a tube to it of ebony: if it be not too coarse, and Captain Bertram would do me the favour to accept of a trifle, on his birthday, of old Jack—

Frank. Is that it? Come, let's look at it.

Jack. It's not sea-foam, sure enough. But then, Captain Bertram will remember, that Jack Buller's love for his master is not altogether mere foam, neither.

Frank. Hand it, old boy.

Jack. It ought to have a silver edging, I know; but Jack couldn't afford it.

Frank. Thank ye.

Jack. Will you keep it, Sir?

Frank. Surely.

Jack. And will you smoke out of it?

Frank. Most certainly. (*Putting his hand in his pocket.*)

Jack. (*Observing what he is about.*) And you will not return me any thing for it?

Frank. (*Withdrawing his hand suddenly.*) No, no; you are right.

Jack. Hurah! Now, Mrs. Grim may bake her cake of cabbaged groats, if she please.

Frank. Fie, Jack. What do you say?

THE RECONCILIATION:

Jack. Truth. I am just come out of the kitchen. She is making the devil of a fuss about her cake, and yet she must be told this very morning, that to-day was her master's birthday. I have been enjoying it these four weeks.

Frank. And because you have a better memory, you would blame the poor woman? Shame on ye!

Jack. And please your honour, the woman is a good-for-nothing—

Frank. Avast!

Jack. Yesterday she was to make you a wine soup, but she used beer as a substitute; and to-day, by way of making it up, she treats you with a cake.

Frank. Hold your tongue.

Jack. She'll let you want your very necessities; mustn't you beg for a clean shirt, as if it were alms?

Frank. (*Passionately.*) Hold your tongue; I bid ye.

Jack. When you was bled last year, she had whole boxes full of linen, and there wasn't as much as a bandage for her master. Wasn't I obliged to tear my Sunday's shirt to pieces in a hurry to let you have one?

Frank. Jack, you have a scandalous tongue. Go to the devil with your pipe. (*Throwing it at his feet.*)

Jack. (*Looking swiftly, alternately at the pipe, and at his master.*) I a scandalous tongue?

Frank. Yes.

Jack. You won't have my pipe?

Frank. No; I'll take nothing of a fellow that will be good alone.

[*Jack vexed, takes the pipe, and throws it out of the window.*

Frank.

Frank. Fellow ! what are you about ?

Jack. Throwing that pipe out of the window.

Frank. Are you mad ?

Jack. What must I do with it ? You won't have it ; and I would certainly not once smoke out of it in all my life : as often as I puff out the smoke, I must say to myself, " Jack Buller, thou art a wretch ; the man whom thou hast served honestly and truly for thirty years, has called thee a scandalous babbler." And then I must each time weep like a child. But when the pipe is once gone to pot, I shall forget it. I'll think my poor master was ill, and meant no harm.

Frank. (*Affected.*) Jack, come hither. (*Shaking him by the hand.*) I meant no harm.

Jack. (*Kissing his hand.*) I knew that. I have the best heart for you, Sir ; and when I say, that such an old hypocrite cheats you, and lives luxuriously on the money you have earned with so much trouble, my blood boils.

Frank. Are you at it again ?

Jack. Deal by me as you like. But I am launched ; and all must come out now. Two days ago I by chance made a discovery : — In my garret there is by the side of the fire-grate a hole in the floor with a slider to it ; whoever built this house must have had his reasons for leaving a hole just at that place. I was standing there busy rummaging among my old rags, when the slider struck my sight. How ! thinks I to myself, what may that be for ? and so I knock'd my foot against it, the slider gave way—and look ye there—you may have a peep through it into Mrs. Grim's little chamber.

Frank. And listen, if you have a mind ?

Jack. And listen, if one loves one's master.

Frank. Well, and what have you discovered there?

Jack. That mischief-maker, Eyterborn, teaches her to sharpen and hook the arrows which she shoots at your strong box.

Frank. (Passionately.) Avast, fellow, avast! Has the Devil got the better of you, to make you alight to-day on every bright mirror, like some impudent fly? Eyterborn, the most honest man in town---

Jack. I should think that honesty, if it be of the right sort, ought to stand the look of any one that peeps at it through a hole in the garret.

Frank. Old boy, thou givest me to-day a peep into the very hold of thy heart.

Jack. So much the better: my ballast is love and fidelity for my master.

Blum. I think it worth while at any rate to inquire into the business.

Frank. And so I will. I will hop up into the garret with my lame foot, and there—I can hardly pronounce the mean word—and there listen. But God have mercy on thee, fellow, if thou hast belied me. I'll turn thee out of doors without mercy.

Jack. (Good-natured.) Ah, but you wouldn't.

Frank. What?

Jack. No; you wouldn't.

Frank. (In a passion.) But I will, I tell thee; I will, by Jove! And if you say one single word more, I'll turn you out immediately.

Jack. Well, then old Jack Buller goes to the hospital.

Frank. (Affected by these words.) To the hospital! What!--What would you do there?

Jack. What else but die?

Frank. Thou die in an hospital! Eh! dost think I cannot take care of thee, if even I turn thee out of my house?

Jack.

Jack. Oh, yes! I know you are the man who would throw a purse of money at me, sufficient to support me while I lived; but I had rather beg my bread than pick up the money thus thrown at me.

Frank. Rather beg your bread? There is a proud fellow for you!

Jack. Whoever dislikes me, must not make me a present.

Frank. Do you hear, Doctor? Isn't it enough to give a man a fit of the gout, that hadn't it? When, four-and-twenty years ago, we fell into the hands of the Algerines, and the pirates had torn my very jacket from my back, that fellow had concealed a couple of gold pieces in his tail: no one found them out. Six months afterwards we were ransomed. We got off with our lives and our freedom, but I was as naked as my hand; and must have begged my way home, *(in a faltering voice)* hadn't that fellow there shared his gold pieces with me: and now *(in the tone of passion)* he talks of dying in an hospital.

Jack. *(Repentant.)* Captain—

Frank. And when my crew had mutinied, and he revealed the plot at the hazard of his life—Hast thou forgot that, fellow?

Jack. You built my old mother a house for that.

Frank. And when we engaged that brave Frenchman, yard-arm to yard-arm; when his broadsword stood over my head, and thou didst lame the hand that was going to send me to my fathers—Hast thou likewise forgot that? Have I built thee a house for that? Wilt thou still die in an hospital? wilt thou?

Jack. My good master!—

Frank. Do you mean I should like to have these

words engraven on my tomb-stone: "Here lieth an ungrateful dog?" Immediately tell me you will die under my roof, you rogue! Come, shake hands.

Jack. (*Dropping at his feet.*) Yes, my good master; this hand shall close Jack Buller's eyes.

Frank. Avail there! don't come too near my lame foot. But if thou must come near, I had rather have thee too near my leg than too near my heart.

Blum. Excellent! I must avail myself of that humour. Whoever can behave so to an old, true servant, cannot be implacable to a brother. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

FRANK BERTRAM, JACK BULLER.

Frank. Get up, go fetch me the pipe.

Jack. With pleasure! (*Rising.*) But what did the Doctor say about your brother? Will that reconciliation come to pass?

Frank. He hopes so.

Jack. And you wish it. Isn't it so?

Frank. Yes; if I could undo many things that have been done.

Jack. But who knows if all that people have put in your head, has been done? There are bad folks, that will blow wherever they see a little smoke, till they bring it to a blaze. Then they'll stand with their arms across, and look on with mischievous eye; nay, put in a billet to increase the fire, but none of them would bring a tumbler-full of water to quench the flame.

Frank. Yes, yes; you may be right there, old boy.

Jack,

Jack. I have witnessed many a fire, and seen people form themselves into two rows, and pass the buckets from hand to hand. When the flame of discord breaks out, it is quite the same; the buckets will run from hand to hand, but the well where they are filled contains oil.

Frank. May be.

Jack. If I were you I would disappoint these bad people. Take but half a step to meet him. After all, he is your brother. You are twins.

Frank. (*Looking straight forward.*) My brother!

Jack. God bless that good Doctor! I have always thought a physician could only cure the body, and that for such a reconciliation it needed a parson. But what matters the coat or the wig?

Frank. (*Sighing.*) Brother! brother!

Jack. What avails it, if he cure you of the gout? die you must. But if he could cure that bad wound, which otherwise will perhaps not close even in the grave—

Frank. Ay, if he could do that—

Jack. And when your brother with a friendly smile steps in here—

Frank. (*Starting.*) Step in here! Here?

Jack. Yes; and when he stretches out his hand—

Frank. Stretch out—his hand! (*Mechanically stretching out his hand, and withdrawing it again.*)

Jack. And when he cries out to you, Brother, don't withdraw thy hand—

Frank. (*Uneasy.*) Well! what then?

Jack. And then with his hand open to receive yours, draws nearer and nearer—

Frank. Nearer and nearer. (*Tendering his hand as by starts.*)

Jack. And says, Brother Frank, our mother sees us—

Frank.

Frank. (Uneasily moving on his chair.) When he says so—

Jack. And flies into your arms.

Frank. (Opening his arms.) Brother Philip! *[The curtain drops.]*

[The curtain drops.]

[The curtain drops.]

[The curtain drops.]

[The curtain drops.]

[The curtain drops.]

[The curtain drops.]

[The curtain drops.]

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[The curtain drops.]

END OF ACT III.

A C T III.

The Scenery the same as in the First Act.

SCENE I.

WILLIAM (*working at a large Boot*).

WHETHER a man make a pair of slippers for a pretty girl, or a pair of boots for a horseman, one should say, must be the same thing; and yet it an't!—Where is the difference?—the same thread—the same leather—but not the same foot!—Ay, there is the rub! When I look at this boot, my imagination represents to me the figure of a heavy horseman with all his accoutrements, and then the work partakes of the heavy man. But a shoe for Miss Charlotte—(*Looking round, and slapping his own mouth.*) Hush!

SCENE II.

Enter CHARLOTTE knitting.

Charl. Always industrious, William!

Will. Industrious! No, Miss.—This morning I may have been so.

Charl. A person that begins to work at the peep of day, ought to lie down a little after dinner.

Will.

THE RECONCILIATION:

Will. Oh dear, Miss! I don't know, but sleep has been a stranger to me some time!

Charl. How does that happen?—You are young and well.

Will. Very true! I can eat and drink well too; but with sleep I am quite fallen out. When I am up in my room and hear your father cough, or you walk—oh, I can very well distinguish your steps from those of old Ann!—gone is sleep!

Charl. Poor William!—Then we prevent you from sleeping?

Will. No matter for that!—I must confess I sometimes feel as if I were glad when your papa begins to cough, for I know that I then shall hear you run to his assistance.

Charl. (*Looking round.*) Oh, there is that troublesome Count again!—One cannot get a step out of doors!—Now, William, I'll think of your shoes—

SCENE III.

Enter SONNENSTERN.

Count. Excellent!—My presentiment has not deceived me!

Charl. Do the great folks still believe in presentiment?

Count. My heart whispered to me, that I should find you here.

Charl. Very natural; for I am always here at this time, that I may not disturb my father's rest.

Count. But it seems as if Heaven had intended you for a disturber of rest.

Charl. You there wrong Heaven and me.

Count.

Count. You say that with so much indifference!

Charl. And yet I am displeased—I have just dropt a stitch—

Count. I understand—you are afraid to look at me.

Charl. (*Opening her eyes.*) Why so?

Count. Do you read nothing in my eyes?

Charl. Nothing at all.

Count. Till when will you be a stranger to the language of the heart?

Charl. (*Looking at her knitting with pretended simplicity.*) Why, I think till I meet with the right language-master.

Count. You perceive the voice of love, and shut your ears against it!

Charl. A girl should not hear all.

Count. Ridiculous! Girls ought not to hear what they like best.

Charl. And that is—

Count. The avowal of a passion.

Charl. She might hear that too, when her father is present.

Count. And why only in the presence of a father?—The father will be apprized of it soon enough.—There are, upon the whole, certain things that can be said, at least said well, only between two people.—The presence of an old hoary Mentor, with snow on his pate, and ice in his heart, will make a lover's words freeze on his tongue.

Charl. They must certainly be no more than words, as they are so easily caught by the frost.

Count. Dear girl!—Old age is the winter of life; love, on the contrary, its finest and tenderest blossom;—it won't bear the chilly blast of winter.

Charl. That's too sublime, too poetic for me!

Count. (*Impatiently.*) Bless me!—don't you at least read the Almanack of the Muses?

Charl. I read nothing but Gellert's Fables.

Count. Well then, I must tell you, in pure prose, that I love you.

Charl. You might have told me that epigram in verse.

Count. What! do you call my love an epigram?

Charl. I do, *Count.*—I call it a biting satire on innocence and poverty.

Count. Satire!—Pray, look at these eyes!—These tears will plead my cause!

Charl. (*Looking at him.*) Tears!—I can see none.

Count. My palpitating heart!—my glowing cheek!—

Charl. But, why do you walk then in the greatest heat of noon?

Count. I ought now to complain of satire!

Charl. Retaliation.

Count. You wish to avoid an answer to my declaration.

Charl. Do you then actually expect a serious reply?

Count. A serious, and a kind one.

Charl. Well then!—I am a simple girl, *Count.*—But simplicity and credulity are not always concomitant qualities.—I don't believe a syllable of all your fine phrases!—How could you love me?—These last two months you passed often by here, and if I happened to stand at the door, you talked to me—that's all!

Count. And is not that sufficient?—One need but see you—

Charl. Oh, many people have seen me, and have

have remained perfectly tranquil!—But, suppose you did love me, what then?

Count. A droll question indeed!

Charl. I am a poor girl, and you are a rich nobleman!

Count. You are right: the world has its prejudices; but the heart will get the better of them.—I have but one heart, and that is all yours. I have two hands, and I may at least give you the left.

Charl. The left only? ha! ha! ha! is not that all one?

Count. To lovers there is not the least difference; and to the world, it is no more than a handful of dust thrown at the eyes.

Charl. And to my father?

Count. He is a man of the world.

Charl. But he don't like dust. He will always say, what one dares not do before the eyes of all the world one had better not do at all. (*Waggishly.*) Methinks I hear him come down.—Won't you ask him his opinion?

Count. (*Confused.*) O yes!—why not?—if only—(*Apart.*) Curse it! I would sooner conquer ten coquets than one of your simple girls. (*To Charlotte.*) I am distracted, that I am forced to leave you. Baron Sommer gives a ball to-day—Who the deuce could dance this hot weather, I said; I said it a thousand times, but he would take no denial. I must hasten to my toilet.—I leave you my heart in pledge, dear Charlotte, till I see you again. (*He skips off at the bottom of the stage—he meets Eyterborn.*) Ho, ho—well met! I want to speak to you. (*Takes him under his arm, and they walk off together.*)

Charl. He may take his pledge and all, for I don't

THE RECONCILIATION:

don't know what to do with it. I am sorry the thought did not occur sooner to me to frighten him away with my father.

Will. (Shaking his head.) Here! here! had that young gentleman learned but one honest profession, he wouldn't be a bungler in fair dealing.

SCENE IV.

Enter PHILIP BERTRAM supported by ANN.

Charl. Dear father, you come too late; my lover has just run away.

Phil. Your lover!

Charl. He ran away, because he heard you was coming.

Phil. Beware of all lovers that shun the father's presence.

Ann. I am sure the young Count has been here again.

Charl. You hit it.

Phil. A Count!—the young Count! I hope you——

Charl. Don't put on that serious look, father; it is not worth while.

Phil. Dear Charlotte! a loving father trembles at the idea of seeing the least disorder in his daughter's kerchief, if it were but in a dream. Speak, child, who is this Count?

Charl. His name is Sonnenstern.

Phil. I know his father; he is rich, and a great man at court; and when that is the case, the son is generally a rake.

Charl. For several months he has passed by here twenty times a day.

Phil.

Phil. Well, let him pass by.

Charl. As often as he sees me at the door, he talks to me—

Phil. He must see you no more at the door.

Charl. Under the pretext of lending books.

Phil. What books?

Charl. Novels.

Phil. O dear! You must not read novels. I scarcely know three or four of them that I would put into your hands; and even those have the inconvenience to make you eager for more.

Charl. He will sometimes bring me fruit, sometimes sweetmeats, sometimes a nosegay.

Phil. And you take them?

Charl. Those trifles I do.

Phil. Dear Charlotte! that's wrong.

Ann. I have said so a hundred times. [*Withdraws.*]

Charl. He has often offered me more valuable presents.

Phil. I'll not ask if my daughter has refused them—mind, I do not ask.

Charl. You don't, father, because that is a matter of course.

Phil. Bad enough, he should have presumed to offer you any.

Charl. To-day he went even so far as to speak of marriage.

Phil. Of marriage!—he is either a fool or a rogue.

Charl. He must be a fool.—He talked of a marriage with the left hand. An't it all one, which of the two hands gives one's heart away?

Phil. I now see his drift. No, child, he is no fool—He is a wretch. Charlotte! I insist upon your entirely avoiding his conversation.

Charl. So much the better.

Phil. When you see him at a distance, withdraw.

Charl. With pleasure.

Phil. He has offended both you and me. He has trampled under foot that deference which every generous mind owes to poverty.

Charl. You put such a stress upon all this, my dear father!—have I done something wrong?

Phil. Oh, my child!—a young woman acts wrong even by not avoiding appearances. Nature has not another property so delicate as innocence. The dust on the wings of a butterfly is less perishable than her reputation. Seduction is not the most dangerous foe of a young girl, but the vanity of those young sparks, who will boast of every kind look, of every polite expression, and give a distant hint for whatever additions one pleases. What would you say, if this young Count were to boast of his presents of sweetmeats and nosegays over a full bumper?—if he were to say to his neighbour, There is a pretty girl in the suburb, my boy! we are already very intimate with one another? and so forth.—Then the neighbour will take his glass, and reply, Here, my boy! here's to your girl!

Charl. Dear father, I am ashamed of myself.

Phil. What can your innocence avail you then?—what your consciousness of purity?—Can you go to the market-place, and loudly proclaim—Hear me, good people! don't credit reports—I am a good girl?

Charl. (*In the tone of affliction.*) Oh, my father!

Phil. And as you cannot do so, you must avoid all talk about you whatever, even in your praise; at least not too much of the latter, for praise creates
envy,

envy, and envy will never be at a loss for some objection or other. Happy is the girl who is unknown to the multitude, when she is going to be married; and people ask, Who is she?—I don't know her—I never heard of her.

Charl. (Clinging round his neck.) You will never have an occasion to repeat this lesson.

Phil. (Embracing her.) This promise is the most valuable present you could make me on my birth-day.

SCENE V.

Enter EYTERBORN.

Eyt. Serviteur! I am just come from the young lady, whom I was mentioning this morning.—I give you joy.—All is settled.

Phil. What?

Eyt. She is willing to take your daughter as a companion.—The terms are favourable.

Phil. As a companion? Dear friend! my daughter has but very few accomplishments; and that of entertaining others, she is least skill'd in.

Eyt. She may soon improve in that house.

Phil. Charlotte—would you try?

Charl. I have no other desire than to stay with my father.

Phil. But who is the lady?

Eyt. Count Sonnenstern's bride.

Phil. Ay!—so!—him!—What think you of it, Charlotte?

Charl. The question is a reproach, my father.

Phil. You have undertaken a very equivocal office, Sir.

Eyt. Equivocal!—*(Confused.)* Why so?

Phil. Are you the ambassador of the lady, or of the gentleman?

Eyt. Isn't that all the same?

Phil. I think not.—I have some objections.—My daughter does not feel inclined for this mode of life.—I am old and sickly.—In short, don't let us have any more of it.

Eyt. Have you weighed all the advantages you are going to forfeit?

Phil. I have.

Eyt. Count Sonnenstern is a wealthy nobleman.

Phil. So much the better for him. There are many people that, if they were not rich, would be nothing at all.

Eyt. His father has powerful influence—

Phil. In his own circle, to which I do not belong.

Eyt. He might be able to give a good turn to your lawsuit.

Phil. It is rather too late for that, I hope.

Eyt. You might, through him, obtain the chief collectorship.

Phil. Have I deserved it?

Eyt. Most certainly.

Phil. It will be to my credit if people say—Pity he should not be a chief collector, for he has well deserved it.

Eyt. I know your circumstances; I know you have contracted debts.

Phil. None of great consequence.

Eyt. If your creditors should prosecute you—

Phil. I'll then apply to a friend.

Eyt. When a man is in distress, deafness often becomes epidemical among his friends.

Will. (Rising.) Sir, here is my father's receipt.

Phil. What receipt?

Will.

Will. For the rent.

Phil. Good friend, I cannot pay that instantaneously.

Will. It's all paid, Sir.

Phil. (*Astonished.*) By whom?

Will. I don't know; that's not my business.

Phil. Impossible!

Will. Please to read this paper; it says—settled.

Phil. What must I think of this?

Will. Every thing that is good.

Phil. Will your father make me a present?

Will. No, Sir; he is too poor for that himself.

Phil. It is actually paid then?

Will. It is.

Phil. And I am not to know by whom?

Eyt. May be that very Count whom you reject.

Phil. Sir—if that were the case—

Will. Don't make yourself uneasy, Sir; the money comes from no Counts. I think it is money rightly earned.

SCENE VI.

Enter an APOTHECARY'S BOY.

Boy. (*To Philip.*) Here is the bill.

Phil. Who are you?

Boy. I come from the apothecary.

Phil. Very well.—Call again next week, I hope I may be able to pay you then.

Boy. I shall have no occasion for calling again.—The bill is paid.

Phil. Paid! who has paid it?

Boy. I don't know. [*Exit.*]

Phil. (*Reading the bill.*) Forty-five dollars, twelve—settled. What does all this mean?—Good

God! have I ever shown such diffidence in man as to require instances of this kind to come to repentance?—To whom am I to give my thanks?—to *Eyterborn*? I am poor, friend, but I am not ashamed of my poverty. Whoever assists me in secret has good intentions, and does not reject my gratitude; his noble soul only wishes to save me its utterance. But the good man is not pleased with such proceeding; the good man receives with pleasure only that for which he is permitted to return his hearty thanks—I desire, friend, if you can, to unravel this mystery to me.

Eyt. (Shrugging up his shoulders, and assuming an equivocal mien.)

Phil. What means this shrug?—You either cannot, or will not.

Eyt. If you know your true friends, an explanation is here superfluous; and if you have many of them, I congratulate you.

Phil. This evasion almost persuades me that you are the generous donor.

Eyt. (Defending himself but weakly.) What, I?—I beg—my friendship for you, indeed—my principles—but I am not rich myself.

Phil. So much the more meritorious. The wealthy seldom give, and still more seldom in secret.

Eyt. Such considerable donations require not only good-will, but likewise the powers. I know both faculties to be united in the Count.

Charl. Father, if he be the man, I will work day and night till we have returned the money.

Phil. I would rather sell thy mother's ring, than accept of such a benefaction.

Eyt. Some people would call this pride.

Phil.

Phil. But you would not believe, Sir, what a powerful spice this pride affords to an insipid dish.

Charl. I see, our Doctor is coming; he may, perhaps, be able to solve the riddle.

Eyt. (*With a sneer.*) O yes! he is a doctor that knows every thing:—cure an illness, conduct a lawsuit, write a novel. (*Apart.*) Mischievous fellow, with his staring look! he will always counteract my schemes. (*Loud.*) Serviteur, Collector; consider on my proposals. My intentions are pure, and my knowledge of the world is not derived from novels. [*Exit.*]

Charl. He always reflects on our good Doctor; that is very mean.

Phil. Fie, Charlotte! Condemn no man.—Whilst the human heart remains without a glass window, nobody should say—That is mean; for God alone scrutinizes the heart. Eyterborn is an honest man; but he is a man. The Doctor has encroached upon his profession, and that has vexed him.

Charl. But I would lay a wager, that if Eyterborn cure a patient, the Doctor would be delighted with it; and consequently he must be a better man.

Phil. May be.

SCENE VII.

Enter Dr. BLUM.

Phil. Welcome, Doctor. Charlotte was just praising you.

Blum. I don't like to be praised in my presence, but this time my rule must suffer an exception.

Charl. Oh! my thoughts praise you much more than my words. We were conversing about you and Exterborn. What may you have done to that man? he cannot abide you.

Blum. There are some folks who will hate you, merely because you know them—because you look through their schemes. It is quite the reverse with love: you need but pretend to take every man for what he wishes you to take him, and he'll be your friend; depend on't.

Phil. I cannot possibly, to-day, enter with you upon any philosophical discussion on man; for to-day I cannot help loving him. Only think, Doctor, here I hold two paid bills in my hand; they are settled and signed without costing me a single penny.

Blum. (*Pretending ignorance.*) How is that?

Phil. Some unknown friend.—Help me to guess.

Blum. (*After a pause, as recollecting.*) I know but one man whom I am apt to think capable of such an action.

Phil. (*With eagerness.*) Who might he be?

Blum. Your brother.

Phil. My brother!—my brother, who these fifteen years has prosecuted me with the greatest inveteracy in libels full of bitterness?

Blum. Those libels were written by his attorney—these bills he has paid himself.

Phil. Has he actually paid them?

Blum. At least I think so; he has been pumping me about your circumstances.

Phil. (*Lost in thought.*)

Will. Hem! who could hold his tongue now—

Blum. (*Interrupting him.*) Well, honest William, how are you, my lad?

Will.

Will. (*Seemingly calculating.*) Nor do I know why—

Blum. Why people so seldom wear boots? Why, I think it is because the court resides here. (*He makes him a signal to forbear speaking.*)

Will. Ay, ay! I know what you mean:—all well.

Phil. Friend, you have laid a heavy weight upon my heart.

Blum. Is the love of a brother so oppressive?

Phil. Good offices from the hands of a foe—

Blum. Are the first steps on the territory of friendship?

Charl. Oh! were I at last permitted to love my uncle!

Blum. You will soon have leave to do so. Dear friend, I am a herald of peace. Your suit is compromised, and entirely to your satisfaction. All the writings are to be condemned to the lumber-room, and along with them all former resentment.

Phil. Help me to rise, Charlotte, that I may hug that honest man in my arms.

Blum. (*Embracing him.*) Heaven grant you health and peace; they are the greatest treasures upon earth.

Charl. (*Taking hold of both his hands, and squeezing them affectionately.*) Dear Doctor! God bless you! if ever your old worthy mother falls ill, pray don't take any other nurse for her than me.

Blum. I take your word for it.

Phil. God! thou never hast heard me complain of my poverty—but this time—why am not I able to recompense this man?

Blum. You poor!—in the possession of such a daughter!

Phil.

THE RECONCILIATION:

Phil. What can she do more than blend the tears of her gratitude with mine?

Blum. (*Emphatically.*) She could do more.

Phil. (*Surprised.*) How so, Doctor?

Blum. Would you think worse of me, if I should appear selfish?

Phil. (*Dubious.*) I don't understand you.

Blum. Nor you, good creature?—You colour—

Charl. I think I do colour—but, upon my word, I don't know why.

Blum. Did you not say this morning you could love the man who procured your father easy old days?

Charl. I have said so.

Blum. And that you, with pleasure, would make him a tender of your heart and hand?

Charl. (*Casting down her eyes in silence.*)

Blum. Did you not say that likewise?

Charl. I think I did.

Blum. Will you not withdraw your word?

Charl. No.

Blum. And if I were the man?

Charl. (*Remains silent.*)

Blum. Look at me, Charlotte.

Charl. I cannot.

Blum. (*Taking her by the hand.*) I love you with all my heart.

Charl. And so I do you.

Blum. You will take care of my old mother?

Charl. Oh, with pleasure.

Blum. And so will I of your honest father.

Charl. Oh! you are so good—(*With mild tears*)—I don't deserve so much.

Blum. Whoever has had an opportunity of watching a daughter during seven months by the sick-bed

bed of her father, cannot err in his choice.—I crave your heart and your hand.

Charl. (Overwhelmed with her feelings, bursts from the Doctor, to meet the embrace of her father, in whose bosom she hides her face, and says) My father!

Phil. (Laying his hand on hers.) God has this day blessed me for thy sake. Thou good, thou kind child! thy good fortune is the reward of thy filial affection. Oh, Doctor, if to-day I bleed again, it is your fault. But if I die, I die with joy, the most desirable death of all.

Blum. (Taking him by the hand.) Permit me to partake of the paternal blessing.

Phil. (Cordially.) My son.—Charlotte, be not ashamed to show thy glowing cheek to the man that loves thee so.

Charl. (Looking up with apparent timidity.)

Phil. Give him the first salute in the presence of thy father.

Blum. (Salutes, with ecstasy, Charlotte, who gently resists.)

Phil. With this kiss my son has taken from me all the cares of futurity.—Now dispose of my days, almighty Dispenser of all that is good—I shall now not leave an orphan behind.—The whole stock of my child, innocence and virtue, is in the hands of an honest guardian.

Blum. In the enlarged circle of domestic contentment you will henceforth breathe with greater freedom. One person, however, should be added to the number of this happy family—your brother.

Phil. Oh!

Blum. I hope soon to obtain that too.

Phil. No mortification, dear Doctor.

Blum. Your honour is now my own.

Phil.

Phil. He will not take the first step; and I cannot.

Blum. Why not?

Phil. Because my brother is rich.

Blum. I honour these sentiments; I had foreseen them, and therefore took the opportunity of declaring my passion this very day.

Phil. What difference can this declaration—

Blum. It makes a very material one. Am I not likewise rich?—is not what I possess your own?

Phil. (*Shaking his head.*)

Blum. You gave me, what no worldly treasure can buy—a good wife. And you would reject what little I have to offer in return.—Believe me, Sir, equality is restored between you and your brother; and equality inspires confidence. Yet I do not wish you to go and meet him. It is to my bride that I now address my first prayer.

Charl. (*With infantine cordiality.*) Oh, be quick with it. Could I but do any thing that would give you pleasure—

Blum. It would give me great pleasure, dear Charlotte, if you would wait on your uncle, and congratulate him on his birth-day.

Charl. With all my heart.

Phil. She is your bride and my daughter.—Think, how great must be our mortification were he to refuse her admittance.

Blum. That is my business. I know your brother, and I know Charlotte.

Phil. Well, be it so.

Blum. And then we must pass the evening in joviality. It is the day on which I am betrothed.

Phil. You spend the evening with us, my dear son.

Blum.

Blum. Not in this small confined place. Devotion and festivity are very like each other in this particular—that under the canopy of heaven they are most loud, and most felt.—We must meet in your garden.

Phil. In my garden!

Blum. You ought to see how it looks after it has been cleared of the weeds of fraternal discord. We, and a couple of honest friends—but very few people, but each of them with a heart within his breast. I have arranged the whole plan: I hope you will not disappoint my expectations.

Phil. I disappoint you! God forbid! Old Ann shall immediately brush up my brown coat. Good God!—Where is old Ann?—We have quite forgot her.—Ann! Ann!—I am ashamed of myself to think of her so late.

Ann. (*Coming out of the house.*) Here I am, Sir.

Phil. Are you come? (*Stroking her cheek.*) Come, come, thou good old honest creature, help me into the house; I'll tell thee wonders.

Ann. Bless me; you look quite contented!

Phil. Come, come along, I tell thee. Thou shalt cry with joy. [*Ann conducts him into the house.*]

Blum. Go, go to your uncle, dear Charlotte. The angel of peace attend thee! [*Follows Philip.*]

SCENE VII.

CHARLOTTE and WILLIAM.

Charl. How do I feel?—Was it a dream?—Or is all that has happened here true and fact?—Am I to be married?—Married to the best, to the most amiable of men!

Will. (*Approaching timidly.*) May an honest lad be

be permitted to give you joy?—Very odd, tears trickle down my cheeks!

Charl. I thank you, good William.

Will. I would venture a request, Miss—

Charl. Speak.

Will. You was so good, this morning, as to accept of a pair of shoes—they are, indeed, no more than common leather shoes:—but you would do me a great pleasure, Miss, if you would go to the altar in those shoes.

Charl. That I will: here is my hand.

Will. (*Kissing her hand respectfully.*) My best thanks and blessings, good Miss: now I will set out on my travels, to-morrow morning, with the peep of day.

Charl. To-morrow morning!! how came you to this sudden resolution?

Will. Why, my father has been talking of it a long while; but I don't know, I didn't find myself inclined for it: but now I feel as if I must go this very day.

Charl. Won't you stay till my wedding?

Will. (*With expressions of anguish, and quick.*) No, no;—no!—To-morrow, quite early, when you are dreaming of your good friend, William will be far off.

Charl. May Heaven bless you, wherever you go!

Will. I'll be back three years hence, and then, very likely there—(*making a concealed pantomime, yet without looking at Charlotte.*) And now farewell, sweet Miss; I'll go and pack up my few things.

Charl. And whither do you intend to go?

Will. To Russia: they say it is very cold there.

Charl. Don't forget your good friends, when you are so far off.

Will.

Will. Oh, no! never fear that. (*He walks off slowly, and returns.*) May I take the liberty of waiting on you when I return?

Charl. It will give me pleasure, good William.

Will. Will it, Miss! will it indeed?—Well, it will give me great pleasure too. (*He wipes his eyes, and slowly enters the house.*)

Charl. Now to my uncle: oh, if I should be fortunate enough to give my father, on his birthday, both a son and a brother!

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

A Room in FRANK BERTRAM'S House.

SCENE I.

Mrs. GRIM asleep, with a Prayer-book in her Hand, and Spectacles on her Nose. CHARLOTTE entering timidly, and looking round the Room.

CHARLOTTE.

NOBODY in the hall, and nobody here! (*Perceiving Mrs. Grim, she hesitates whether she is to advance or not.—At last she coughs.*)

Mrs. Grim. (*Waking, yawning, and rubbing her eyes.*) I thought I heard some one cough.

Charl. (*Coughs again.*)

Mrs. Grim. (*Looking round, displeased, and drawing herself up.*) Well! who have we here?

Charl. Your servant, Madam.

Mrs. Grim. (*Still unfriendly.*) Who are you?—What do you want?

Charl. I wish to see the Captain.

Mrs. Grim. What business have you with him?

Charl. I wanted to wait on him with my compliments, on his birth-day.

Mrs. Grim. Very odd. Poor people might have a dozen birth-days in one year, and nobody would trouble his head about it. But when a rich man—then they start from every crevice like a host of

ants; then they make a mark with red in the almanack, that they may not forget, the next year, where there is any thing to be had.—But, pray, my good little Miss, what is the Captain's birthday to you?

Charl. I'll tell him that myself.

Mrs. Grim. Indeed!—Upon my word! tell him yourself!—Sure, if we could but get admittance! Good child, here I am the mistress, and I am to be applied to.

Charl. I did not know my uncle was married!

Mrs. Grim. (Startled.) Uncle!—I hope not—Are you perhaps—yes, yes, the family likeness—Miss Bertram?

Charl. I am Miss Bertram.

Mrs. Grim. (Looking awry at her.) Yes, yes; quite cut out of her mother's face!

Charl. (Approaching with cheerfulness and confidence.) Have you known my mother?

Mrs. Grim. By sight: yes. But, good God, what do you want here? Don't you know, the Captain won't have any thing to do with all the family?

Charl. That used to be so; but since that hated lawsuit has been laid aside—

Mrs. Grim. What! have they come to an agreement?—Have they, at last, done my poor master?

Charl. Oh, we are so glad of the agreement—

Mrs. Grim. I dare say. And now you think of making your nest here?—A pretty snug one!

Charl. No, Madam, we think of nothing but that it is a fine thing when two brothers are permitted again to love one another.

Mrs. Grim. Very likely an expression your dear papa has made you get off; and now you are come to bring your goods to market here, and to disturb

me in my meditations; but it won't do, dear Miss. You had better go about your business; and God be with you. The Captain is ill; he sleeps at present, and has given orders to receive no one, and still less any body out of that house.

Charl. Must I actually not see him then?

Mrs. Grim. What could that avail you, child? you would only see a forbidding, morose countenance.

Charl. May I return to-night, then?

Mrs. Grim. By no means. I durst not even tell him that you have been here; for it would vex him, and immediately give him a fit of the gout.

Charl. Oh, my good father will be so sorry!

Mrs. Grim. He must resign himself as a good Christian. He has taken the first step towards the reconciliation that is laudable. Oh, you wouldn't believe what a queer man the old Captain is. We are ever plagued with him. He is tearing and swearing all day long about nothing. Go, go, Miss; for if he should catch you here—in his paroxysms he is quite a brute.

Charl. But my father has always told me that he has a good honest heart.

Mrs. Grim. Ay, ay, honest, sure enough—but then his passion!—Go, go, Miss; my compliments to papa; tell him, Mrs. Grim has been beating and hammering these fifteen years, about that heart of oak, but all in vain.

Charl. My poor father!

Mrs. Grim. Poor! Yes, I am told so. Good heavens! we cannot all be rich.—You are, now and then, badly off, I dare say, little Miss. That gown, there, is your Sunday's dress, I suppose; but no matter for that, if one be honest.

Charl. We are honest.

Mrs.

Mrs. Grim. Poor girl! I pity her—my heart will break.—I would—oh, certainly I will!

Charl. (*With the expression of hope.*) What, dear Madam?

Mrs. Grim. Include yourself and your dear father in my prayers.

Charl. Alas! I likewise pray for all my fellow-creatures; even for those that hate us. Farewell, Madam. (*Going slowly.*)

Mrs. Grim. God bless you! (*Apart.*) She is going at last. Oh, it would just do to let this smooth polecat loose among my eggs that I have been hatching so eagerly these fifteen years.

SCENE II.

Enter JACK BULLER.

Jack. (*Meeting Charlotte at the door.*) Who are you, my good young lady? whom do you want?

Charl. Oh, I wanted to see my uncle; but I am not permitted.

Jack. By chance, Miss Bertram.

Charl. Yes; I am Miss Bertram.

Jack. Welcome, welcome then! when so handsome and so good a girl steps over the threshold of the house, she is sure to bring along with her peace and harmony in every fold of her dress.

Charl. I wish it.

Jack. And you are not permitted to see the Captain? who has prevented you?

Mrs. Grim. I have.

Jack. But, Mrs. Grim, by what right?

Mrs. Grim. Never trouble your head about that: I know what I am about: you had better let Miss go; master sleeps.

THE RECONCILIATION:

Jack. Sleeps! I have been with him within these last ten minutes, and he bid me come back and read to him in the great book that tells of sea voyages. Stop but a minute, Miss, I'll let him know directly.

Charl. I'll stop with great pleasure.

Mrs. Grim. (*Standing before the door.*) Jack, you shan't: I won't have you let him know.

Jack. Mrs. Grim, I am apt to think the devil is in you. (*Shoving her aside, and going into his master's room.*)

SCENE III.

Mrs. Grim. What! shove me about in that there manner!—pinch blue and black marks on my arms!—That ruffian!—Well, Miss, I wish you joy. (*With a sneer, and curtsying.*) Have you got off your part well? Do, now, flatter and coax your uncle for his dollars, do.

Charl. I wish for nothing but his affection.

Mrs. Grim. Ah, sure! That sounds sweet enough; but we know the key of that music—at the bottom it is nothing but disguised beggary.

Charl. Dear Madam, in what have I offended you?

Mrs. Grim. You, me!—in nothing—nothing at all. Good Miss, there are certain folks, that of certain folks couldn't take an offence in any shape; and if certain folks chose to repeat what report says of certain folks, certain folks wouldn't venture to lift up their eyes, for shame. But who mixes with the wash will be eaten by the swine; and a good Christian can do no more than offer up his prayers for the punishment of finners. Your servant, Miss. (*Curtsying low.*) [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Charl. Our old Ann was right. That woman seems to be a downright termagant—but I am glad she is gone; now I can speak freely. If it be true, that my uncle is so passionate, so boisterous—my father's happiness is at stake. Courage, Charlotte; a bad quarter of an hour has no more than fifteen minutes! I hear some one come: oh, how my heart beats! (*Stopping with symptoms of fear, in the back ground.*)

SCENE V.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM, and JACK.

Frank. (*Sitting down in a chair, without looking at Charlotte.*) My niece! what does she want?

Jack. I don't know; but her look is so meek, I'd swear she brings good news.

Frank. (*After some pause.*) But what is become of her?

Jack. She is standing yonder.

Frank. I am to limp to her, very likely!

Jack. Step forward, come near, good Miss.

Charl. (*Hesitating, fearful, and remaining on the same spot.*)

Frank. (*Listening if she approaches.*) I hear nothing.

Jack. She trembles.

Frank. Zounds! what does she tremble for?

Charl. (*Approaching a few steps.*) I—I—

Frank. (*To Jack, who stands by his chair.*) Well, can't she talk?

Jack. She is crying.

THE RECONCILIATION:

Frank. What the devil is she crying for?

Charl. (Taking courage.) I am come, dear uncle, to compliment you.

Frank. (Roughly.) On what occasion?

Charl. On your birth-day.

Frank. You likely have been taught to walk of late, as you only come to-day for the first time.

Charl. Ever since I had the faculty of thinking and feeling, my heart has attracted me hither.

Frank. Has it? How old are you?

Charl. Seventeen years.

Frank. Ay, ay, on my return, sixteen years back, you were a little thing, not bigger than my fist.

Charl. At that time my dear uncle carried me in his arms, and was fond of me. Old Ann has often told me, and I listened with pleasure.

Frank. Your good uncle was then a good-natured fool.

Charl. I lost my good mother very early.

Frank. Your mother was a good woman—a very good woman.

Charl. Had she lived, many things might not have happened.

Frank. May be; she has hindered your father from playing many a foolish trick.

Charl. My father may have erred; bad people may have led him astray; but they have never been able to erase from his heart his affections for his only brother.

Frank. He has given me excellent proofs of his affection these fifteen years.

Charl. That is over now. The Court of Conscience has thrown a veil on what is past. Go to my brother, said my father to me, be thou the harbinger of peace; he will not reject thee, thou art

art innocent. He has been fond of thee when a child; he has been fond of thy mother; for her sake he will tender thee his hand, and thou wilt kiss it with infantile affection.

Frank. *(Still without looking at her.)* Sure! You can't help it. You must dance as he pipes. I have nothing against you. Go, child; God bless you—What's your name?

Charl. My name is Charlotte.

Frank. Charlotte; right. Nay, I think I am your godfather.

Charl. Oh! the man who received me among the Christians; he, who promised me tenderness and affection, when I could not articulate a syllable; that man will not send me out of his house without deigning to cast a friendly look on me.

Frank. *(Throwing a transient glance at her, yet without fixing her in the eye.)* Very well. You may go. You will not be omitted in my will.

Charl. That was cruel.

Frank. *(Passionately.)* Cruel! Why cruel?

Charl. Dear good uncle, I wanted to be remembered in your heart, and not in your will.

Frank. *(Good-naturedly, and somewhat embarrassed.)* Ah, to be sure—but I also must—I am your godfather, you know—and as you have had the trouble to call—*(Putting his hand to his pocket.)*

Charl. *(Mortified.)* Had the trouble!

Frank. There, take this little present. *(Tendering her a few gold pieces, without looking at her.)*

Charl. *(Taking him by the hand with great vivacity.)* I only see the hand you stretch out to me, and not what it contains: I'll keep that hand; drop my tears on your money, and beg you will take it back.

Frank. *(Affectionately.)* Girl, thou art proud.

Charl. I'll be proud of your love. Here that proud girl kneels down by your chair, and prays for one single kind look. My mother could leave me no more than her features; these features will put you in mind of a friend that has long since mouldered into dust; this recollection will melt your heart, and give me, in you, a second father.

Frank. (*Looks several times at her, seemingly affected, then turning to Jack*) Jack, she is very like her mother—Curse it, Jack, help me out.

Jack. (*Sobbing.*) I can't, Captain.

Frank. Thou criest, I declare: Jack, help me out, I tell thee.

Jack. (*Raising Charlotte, and putting her in Frank's arms.*)

Frank. (*Striving to get loose.*) Awaft; that's what you may call bending all your canvas by night and in a mist.

Charl. I perceive a tear in your eye, uncle: I wouldn't take all your gold for that.

Frank. Well, well; thou hast run me down altogether: go, kneel down on thy mother's grave, and thank her for it. When you were christened, and I afterwards stood by her bed, she took me by the hand—she then just looked as thou dost now—and said to me, Dear brother, I lay this child near your heart; when I die——(*He cannot proceed: at last he says quickly,*) Four weeks afterwards she was gone—(*A pause, during which his muscles appear in agitation.*) Come, my girl, come to my bosom.

Charl. (*Sinks in his embrace.*)

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Dr. BLUM.

Blum. Oh, excellent! I am come in time.

Frank. Look ye there! this little witch has made me so soft, so womanish—(*Shaking in a comical manner.*) Thou---get thee gone.

Charl. Oh, I now know my good uncle's heart; all my fear is gone.

Frank. So you were afraid of me? People had, very likely, told you I was a bear.

Charl. The lady here in the house had frightened me so.

Frank. What lady?

Jack. Again, one of Mrs. Grim's hypocritical tricks.

Frank. Ah, that's water for thy mill.

Jack. Who could refrain from speaking? I was just coming in when this good child was going; she just swallowed a tear; it was but a very little one; and yet I wouldn't have it on my conscience. Where are you going? says I. Oh, I am not permitted to see my uncle!—Why not? any one may see him, especially one with eyes full of tears. Then Mrs. Grim wanted to bar the door, and set her arms a-kimbo, just like a stone pitcher; and wouldn't let me go in to you. (*Passionately.*) Not let old Jack Buller go to his captain! Would fain persuade me you were asleep; me, old Jack Buller, that knows from thirty years experience, that his captain never takes a nap after dinner. But I think I gave her a nice shove, just as I would a passenger who, in stormy weather, would stand in my way upon deck.

Frank.

Frank. Now, look ye here, Jack—what a wrong construction you have put on that again!—She thought I slept; she did it for the best; and he who acts for the best, were he but a jack-ass, ought to be set right with moderation.

Blum. Miss Charlotte will be able to give us the best account of the reception she has met with.

Charl. Oh, I am so glad!—I forgot it all.

Frank. Forgot it!—Then there was something to forget after all?—Out with it!

Charl. One expression of hers has indeed hurt me to the very soul.—She said I came to—(*hiding her tears*)—to beg.

Frank. Avaft there!—That was foolish!

Jack. No, Sir, it was cruel.

Frank. Thou art right, Jack.—It must have hurt her.

Blum. Never mind; such little transient clouds must not spoil this fair day.—We will only rejoice at the idea, that this glorious hour has cancelled the recollection of fifteen bad years. The sufferings of man are many indeed; but how could we murmur when we see that a single glance of the sun of happiness absorbs them all, like a heavy drop of rain that bends down the calix of a flower!—This day angels rejoice with us; for on this day two brothers were reconciled to each other.

Frank. Avaft!—avaft there!—That girl has never done me any injury—I am her godfather, and the meekness of her mother dwells on her brow.—Who could be angry with the little witch?—But, as to my brother, he may go his own ways, provided we never meet.

Blum. Dear Captain!—At the end of the journey all the roads run into one, and there we must meet.

Frank.

Frank. Then he whose conscience upbraids him may cast down his look.

Charl. My dear uncle! I entreat you for my father.

Frank. 'Twon't do!—'Twon't do!—Only see!—Scarcely have I given her a little corner for a hammock in the steerage, but she will take the command of the vessel!

Charl. But if I should succeed to ornament the cabin with the flowers of spring!

Frank. Nonsense!—Those flowers are withered long since.

Jack. Only think, Captain, how different all would be in this house.—Then you wouldn't be obliged at nights to smoke your pipe by yourself—The nasty old tom cat would be exil'd from the sofa—Your brother would sit by your side, and you would once more haul over the joys of your youth.

Frank. Leave old Tom alone, Jack; he has never yet brought an action against me.

Blum. I see we must expect the remainder from time.—Oh! when love and time unite their powers, they pull down Egyptian pyramids, and open the tombs in which good hearts chose to bury themselves. (*To Charlotte.*) Go, good child, your father is waiting for you.

Frank. She shall stay!—I have been waiting these fifteen years for her.

Blum. Her father is ill, and may want her.

Charl. But may I come back?

Frank. Foolish question!—You may, surely! Nay, you shall!—Do you hear?

Charl. With pleasure.

Frank. Well!—when will you come back?

Charl. To-morrow!—every day!

Frank.

THE RECONCILIATION:

Frank. Well then, God bless you! and when you come back, come without your pride.—Do you hear?—There the gold pieces lie still on the ground; you won't pick them up; I know that well enough.

Charl. Uncle!—Does disinterested love look so much like pride?

Frank. Ay, ay! You wouldn't pick them up even if you knew it would give me pleasure.

Charl. (*Picks them up.*) I thank you, dear uncle.—I'll buy something with it to strengthen my poor sick father.—You'll permit we to do so, uncle?

Frank. Do as you like.

Charl. Your greeting would certainly have a greater effect.

Frank. Curse it! Well, then, greet him!

Charl. (*Kissing his hand with rapture.*) Farewell! [*Exit.*]

Frank. Jack!—run!—look what becomes of her!—I wouldn't have the brisk huffy break her neck down those steep stairs. [*Jack exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Frank. (*Wiping off his tears, and endeavouring to hide them.*) What think you of that girl?

Blum. The child of nature and innocence.

Frank. Do you think so?—Then something might be done for her. I am, indeed, apt to think the little huffy knows better how to cure the gout than yourself, Doctor. Whilst she was here it durst not rear its head. Now it begins again to draw and pull!

Blum. When Heaven points out so easy a remedy,

remedy, you would do well to use it for a constancy.

Frank. For a constancy!—With all my heart.—But her father won't let me have her.—Will he?

Blum. Then you ought to take them both.

Frank. A vast, Doctor! That won't do.

Blum. I give you joy—your quarrel is settled.

Frank. Is it?—Thank ye!—thank ye! This medicine is likely to prove more efficacious than your muriatic.—I won't ask you how it has been settled; I don't care for that.

Blum. The garden is to be your property for life.

Frank. I make the girl a present of it.

Blum. At your demise it goes to your brother, or his heirs.

Frank. But, I tell you, I give it the girl now.

Blum. So much the better!—You ought to have done that long ago.

Frank. Why didn't the wench come sooner?

Blum. Let us thank Heaven she didn't come too late. Now, good Captain, attend to the prayer of a friend, and the command of your physician—You have to-day experienced so many passions—you must divert yourself—you must take an airing.

Frank. With pleasure, if you think it will benefit me.—An old sailor doesn't wait for a second invitation to an airing.

Blum. I have invited a couple of friends to a collation, and the spot which I have pointed out for the enjoyment of this fine spring day—pardon my liberty—is your garden.

Frank. My garden!

Blum. I think it will give you pleasure, after fifteen years, to tread the ground in peace, where
the

the joys of your youth still lurk behind every bush.

Frank. But I shall feel very queerly, Sir, when I step into that garden.—Pray is that old garden door still there?—When I was a boy, I drew a hussar on it with black lead.

Blum. The hussar is not quite effaced yet.

Frank. Not yet, you say?—very droll! So many people have died since, and that hussar still keeps galloping on. Yes, yes, we will go—go immediately. It is very particular, I actually feel a strong desire to see that hussar again.—But didn't you mention two strangers you had invited? I am not fit for company.

Blum. Only two good friendly beings; for in large companies joy is silent, like a prudent man.

Frank. Well then—Jack! (*Calling out.*)

SCENE VII.

Enter JACK.

Frank. Order the coach.

Blum. No occasion. My carriage is waiting.

Frank. Jack, we are going to take a ride; and can you guess whither?—to my garden. All is over—all settled; I am going to my garden.

Jack. May Heaven grant you the eternal garden of Paradise for that.

Frank. Give me my hat.

Jack. There is a little expedition to be undertaken in this house before you go out.

Frank. Which?

Jack.

Jack. The attorney, Eysterborn, has just been sneaking to Mrs. Grim.

Frank. What is that to me?

Jack. It is a great deal to me, dear Captain. When you this morning called me a liar, it had nearly broken my heart. I am but a poor man; but it must be of some consequence to you to know whether I am a rogue or not. For if I have cheated you these thirty years, I'd advise you to trust me no more for these thirty years to come. I'll therefore thank you to step up into my garret with me.

Frank. Foolish fellow!—I am sure thou art honest.

Jack. But you shall be convinced likewise, that I am as intimate with truth as I am with honesty. Dear Captain, I can have no rest till I have convinced you.

Frank. Come then; it will be a hard job for me to get up those steps.

Blum. I'll go meanwhile to receive my friends. Farewell till we meet again.

SCENE VIII.

Frank. (After a few steps, stops short.) Jack! I am thinking what all this is for. Suppose I were to hear with these mine own ears, that Mrs. Grim is a good-for-nothing—What then?

Jack. Turn her off.

Frank. I am afraid, Jack, that will hurt me more than it will her. I am always in a bad humour eight days before I turn any body out of my house. We are all poor sinners, and yet God Almighty don't dismiss any of us. And then, I think,

think, besides, that I have so little to lose. When I persuade myself to be fond of a person, he that undeceives me does me but little service.

Jack. You may run an adventurous tack to-day, Sir. You have captured a niece, that's worth ninety-nine Mrs. Grims, I warrant ye.

Frank. (Going.) Thou art right, Jack. Talk to me of that good girl as we are getting up stairs; that will lessen my fatigue. [*Exeunt.*]

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END OF ACT IV.

A C T V.

Mrs. GRIM's Room. In the back Ground a Bed with Curtains. To the right a Table, with two full Bottles of Wine, a Cake, and preserved Fruit. By it an Iron strong Box.

SCENE I.

FRANK BERTRAM's and JACK BULLER's Voices are heard over the Ceiling.

JACK.

WE have come either too soon, or too late.

Frank. (Somewhat farther off.) How so?

Jack. There is nobody in the room; but I hear them whisper in the hall.

Frank. Hush! then let us go.

Jack. Hush! but stop; they have not been at it yet. There are two full bottles, and the table set with cake.

Frank. Hush! let me have a peep.

Jack. (At a distance.) Hush! to the left, near the strong box.

Frank. Hush! *(Nearer.)* Yes, yes; I see well enough; but to stoop so, and squat down on the floor, won't do for such a gouty chap. *(The last words are heard as at a greater distance.)* Come hither!

Jack. Hush! *(Nearer.)* A cake, as big as the head of a main-mast! That she gave you, was
hardly

hardly as big as a compass-box—Hush! they are coming.

Frank. Hush! let me come near the hole.

SCENE II.

Mrs. GRIM and EYTERBORN.

Mrs. Grim. Oh, the wicked people! I will pray day and night to rouse the vengeance of Heaven.

Eyt. My highly-esteemed Mrs. Grim, prayers won't carry us any great length, I am afraid.

Mrs. Grim. Alas! there was a time when, through fervent prayers, you might draw a devouring flame from the earth, which would consume a whole host. Those were good times.

Eyt. Fuimus Troes. If those times were to return, the host of authors ought to be consumed first, and above all things. What avails complaining? they will only laugh at us; the compromise is made.

Mrs. Grim. Sit down, friend of my soul; we will endeavour to sooth the afflictions of the mind, by indulging the body. (*She keeps filling, and handing cake and sweetmeat. Both do honour to the table.*)

Eyt. After all, I wouldn't mind a pin that paltry garden—excellent wines!—but that will lead farther and farther—that romantic Doctor won't stop there—very nice that almond cake!—he will preach and spout till he has reconciled the two good-natured fools—and then, good night to all successions.

Mrs. Grim. Good man, you will frighten me out of my wits. What's to be done here?

Eyt.

Eyt. You must endeavour to put every obstacle you can, to visits from those quarters.

Mrs. Grim. Ah, but good God! hav'n't I sent that wench away with every mark of ridicule and contempt? But that dog, that Jack Buller, has introduced her in spite of my teeth; and I believe she is still with the old fellow, weeping and telling him sad tales.

Eyt. Who?

Mrs. Grim. Why, Miss Bertram.

Eyt. She with him?

Mrs. Grim. Alas! yes. (*Mimicking.*) She wished to congratulate dear uncle on his birth-day.

Eyt. And you left her alone with him?

Mrs. Grim. (*With an amorous glance.*) Because I was waiting for my dear beloved.

Eyt. Serviteur. Highly-esteemed Mrs. Grim, you have been playing a foolish trick there. I know the girl; she is an insinuating witch.

Mrs. Grim. What? such a green wench cheat me out of the reward I have so well earned by the labour of sixteen long years! Have I, therefore, flattered and coaxed the old fool all this time? Have I, therefore, dressed nice soups for him, and mixed his medicines with my own little finger; wrapt his sore legs in flannel, and heard him relate his trite achievements a hundred times over?

Frank. Hush! (*Lowering his voice.*) Oh that beast!

Eyt. (*Looking round.*) What was that? I think I heard somebody speak!

Mrs. Grim. No, no! we are quite safe here.—This is my bed-room. No mortal durst attempt, without my special permission, to penetrate this sanctuary. (*Pointing at the iron chest.*) Look here, Sir; there is my little darling, my little favourite,

THE RECONCILIATION:

my chest; that will always smile on me in the hour of affliction. (*Opening it, Eyterborn casts a greedy look on the money.*) Those large bags there at the bottom are all full of silver. And these (*putting two bags on the table*) are quite crammed with gold. An't they pretty little things now?

Eyt. (*Stroking the bags.*) Pretty little things indeed! One is quite carried away with a sympathetic affection.

Mrs. Grim. All that, my sweet friend, I have destined for our impending marriage. But what is this trifle? I might have secured much more. But in hopes of the succession, I have set limits to my perquisites. I have now and then given up some little advantage, when I thought it might be found out. I must do so to make him secure. The old fool would undergo martyrdom to prove my honesty.—One glass more, my sweet friend!

Eyt. May you live long, my careful fair!

Mrs. Grim. Oh! in your arms I only shall commence a happy life.

Eyt. Yes, yes. Serviteur. Provided the will—

Mrs. Grim. You, meanwhile, draw up the will. You may, at all events, propose a legacy for the niece; that will give it the appearance of philanthropy. To-morrow early I'll get Jack Buller out of the way, and then dress the old fellow, after his own fashion, a pompous dish of generosity, with a sauce of tears, till he resolves to send for you. Then we hammer the iron whilst it is hot; and then his last hour may strike, when it pleases; the sooner the better.

Frank. (*In a loud voice.*) Avaunt there! you brood of vipers!—thunder and lightning!—(*A great noise is heard over the ceiling.*)

Eyt. (*Rising with great fear.*)

Mrs.

Mrs. Grim. (Trembling.) Ah! what do I hear? that was the old Captain—he has been watching us—we are undone—Satan is got loose—my smelling-bottle—dear friend of my soul—there on the window—the phial with the hartshorn.—*(She faints.)*

Eyt. Serviteur. I take to my heels. But I'll not have lost my time for nothing, with this old Jezebel. *(Taking one of the gold bags, and sneaking off; after a short pause returning.)* Curse it! they are already got to the foot of the stairs. Now I am quite at a loss. *(Looking round on all sides.)* The devil take 'em! They are in the hall. *(He throws himself on Mrs. Grim's bed, and draws the curtains.)*

SCENE III.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM and JACK BULLER.

Frank. Confound your pirating crew—there, look at that beast; there she lies, and stretches out her four extremities. If she dies so, she'll cheat the gallows out of its due. *(Looking round.)* What is become of her helpmate?

Jack. He can't have escaped, for I was like lightning at the foot of the stairs. *(Searching the room.)*

Frank. Let him sheer off, Jack! his conscience will bring him to.

Jack. Ho, ho! here is a shoe, *(opening the bed-curtain;)* and in the shoe a foot. Where there is a foot, there must be something else. *(Drawing Eyterborn out by his legs.)* Oh, your servant, Mr. Attorney.

Eyt. Serviteur.

THE RECONCILIATION:

Frank. Oh, oh! my honest Eyterborn? How did you get into these chaste widowed sheets?

Eyt. I was caught with a drowsiness. Mrs. Grim had treated me with a glass of old wine—I can't stand much.

Jack. (*Perceiving the bag, draws it out of his bosom.*) You very likely, in your drowsiness, laid hold of this bag too?

Eyt. (*With mixed fear and resolution.*) What do you mean, friend? I am an honest man; that all the world knows.

Frank. You are a rogue, Sir; that's what I know. Get ye out of my house; and you may thank my gouty foot, if I do not avenge the deceived world on you.

Eyt. A rogue! ha! ha! ha! Serviteur. Try to say that loud if you dare. No man will give you credit for it. The world will honour the wealthy, and never ask how he came by his wealth. It's quite the same with the fame of honesty.

Frank. Alas! true enough.

Eyt. I therefore advise you not to mention any thing about the affair. Mrs. Grim has cheated you, and I have cheated Mrs. Grim: for an old bachelor and an old luscious maid deserve no better.

Jack. (*Clenching his fist.*) Captain! may I—

Frank. Let him sheer off! He has, for the first time in my life, told me a truth, and I ought to thank him for it.

Eyt. I might be revenged, if I chose. I might divulge the affair to your disadvantage; for the world would sooner believe me than you; but I will act liberally, and not mention a syllable about it. Serviteur.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Frank. By Jove, the fellow is right!—Impudence is the best weapon in the hand of a rogue against an honest man.—One is surprised, confused; and before you can recollect yourself, and determine whether you ought to laugh at it or to strike, the rascal has slipped his cable and hauled the wind.

Jack. And what must we do with this woman?

Frank. Is she dead?

Jack. Pshaw! she has the lives of a cat.

Frank. When I am gone—overboard with her.—Do you hear?—Don't suffer her to heave in sight again.

Jack. Thank God!—Captain, that's an expedition I have been preparing for these sixteen years.—But what must be done with this unjust mammon?

Frank. I give it you.

Jack. God forbid I should touch the earnings of sin!

Frank. Found an hospital with it.

Jack. That God Almighty may connive and become an accomplice of the robber?—No! no! the devil will dance a hornpipe whenever stolen money is applied to any pious institution.

Frank. Well, do then with it as you like. Now, help me into the carriage, and then heave that wench out of the house.—Thou'lt make thy report in the garden.—Peter will attend me.

Jack. Very well. (*Supporting the Captain.*)

Frank. (*Stopping at the door, and casting a look of uneasiness*

uneasiness on Mrs. Grim.) Odd enough! would you believe me, Jack! But, I am sorry that I must discard that brute.

Jack. A long habit—

Frank. Habit reconciles us to every thing.— And I think, that to get fond of old Nick, one need but dine a twelvemonth with him at the same tavern.

SCENE V.

(As soon as Mrs. Grim finds herself alone, she squints first at the door, then at the bags on the table, then at the iron chest, and at last folds her hands with devotion.) The wicked have triumphed!—What I have acquired by my labour and prayers, that rough scoundrel, Jack Buller, is to dispose of to his liking!—I thought I must have fainted away a second time, when I heard the verdict!—Good God! if thou supportest thy servant but this one time, she will bring thee the offering of a crimson velvet covering, with gold fringe, to the altar of St. Ursula.—Hush! I hear the clumsy footstep, *(She pretends to faint.)*

SCENE VI.

Enter JACK BULLER.

Jack. What!—Not recovered yet?—Oh! we'll soon rouse her! *(Taking a bag from the table, and jingling the money about her ears; Mrs. Grim opens her eyes.)*—Ho! ho! she returns to life! *(Jingling once more; she stretches out her hand towards the bag.)*—Now she recovers!

Mrs.

Mrs. Grim. Where am I?

Jack. Where you ought not to have been these sixteen years!—But within five minutes you'll be out of doors.

Mrs. Grim. Is this the reward of honest services?

Jack. You have served old Nick, and he'll pay you your wages.

Mrs. Grim. Profligate fellow!

Jack. I say, Mrs. Godly, pack up your stolen goods, and clear the deck as fast as you can.

Mrs. Grim. You are a rude fellow!—I am not to be commanded by you.

Jack. Mrs. Grim, be wise!—We know all; we have witnessed all. The Captain desires you, in a friendly manner, never to appear before him again.

Mrs. Grim. Let him come and tell me so, if he dare!

Jack. He thinks that superfluous, and has made Jack Buller his representative and plenipo.

Mrs. Grim. Good Jack!—you are joking now!—Here is a gilder for you; go and drink to my health.

Jack. I had rather die with thirst than drink to your health!—March! off with you!—This chest you may lock up, and put your seal to the doot of the room.—I must now go to my master, and have no time to wait till you have made your parcels.

Mrs. Grim. (*Locking the chest with great care.*) But, good God! shan't I be permitted to stop in the house till to-morrow morning?

Jack. Not a single minute!—I'll have it smoked this very night!—Weigh your anchor, and get out of the harbour, or else I must play my battery on you!

Mrs. Grim. But my things!—My prayer-books!

Jack

Jack. You may send to-morrow morning for all your rags.—All that has any thing of the smell of your sanctity shall be delivered up.

Mrs. Grim. That won't do!—I must be present.

Jack. But, I say, no!—It is contrary to my orders.

Mrs. Grim. But, I say, yes!—And I won't stir.

Jack. You won't stir?

Mrs. Grim. No.

Jack. Not if I desire you?

Mrs. Grim. Not if you were to drop at my feet. I'll see what you—

Jack. Impossible! *Mrs. Grim*—the devout *Mrs. Grim*, withstand my prayers! (*Laying hold of her, and talking whilst he slowly wheels her about till she is out of the room.*)

My dear *Mrs. Grim*!
—let me beseech you
—be so good as to get
out of the house!—Oh!
see, your gentle heart is
already moved!—But do
not be in all that hurry!
—Permit me to take the
most tender leave of you.
—What! are you al-
ready so near the door!
—Well then, farewell,
my best friend!—May
the devil give you health
and joy!

(*Mrs. Grim speaking at the same time.*) If you dare—let me alone!—
Jack, I'll scratch your eyes out!—*Jack*, I'll bite your nose!—Dear *Jack*!—I'll give you a louis-d'or!—Good *Jack*!—Honest *Jack*!—Infamous rascal!—Unmanly brute!—(*The last words as at a distance out of doors.*)

SCENE

SCENE VII.

A Garden, with a Bower on each Side.

PHILIP BERTRAM and ANN.

Phil. Let me, good Ann, at every step recollect the joys of my youthful days. This spot has, for many years, been my bane, even on the fairest days, because methought I saw the stormy cloud of discord between brothers hang heavy over it. At last the horizon has cleared upon the evening of my life.—My respiration is free, for I am now allowed again to love him. I feel as if I had lost a precious stone here last autumn; the snow had covered it, during the winter; but the sun of spring has melted the snow, and I again find the lost jewel.

Ann. He has received Miss Charlotte in so friendly a manner!—Now I like him again.—He is good old Frank after all.

Phil. Oh! he is most certainly good, and always has been so. Bad people may tarnish a bright mirror with their breath, but the fostering hand of love will soon or late wipe off the film. Do you see that cipher on yon lime-tree, P.F.?—The growth of the rind has, during the lapse of thirty years, almost disfigured the letters, but the main trace is indelible.

Ann. I have often made coffee here, and the young gentlemen gathered dry wood to make a fire.

Phil. Let us sit down here, in this arbour, where I have so often learnt my catechism, and

toiled in completing my exercise. (*They go into the arbour; Philip sits down; a pause.*) Who will say, that there are no enjoyments for old age, when it can thus carouse on the recollection of the jovial days of early youth? Even youth does not so much enjoy the present moment as old age does what is gone.

SCENE VIII.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM, supported by a Servant.

Frank. (Yet in the back ground.) Avaft. (*Looking round deeply affected, but endeavouring to hide his emotions, but bursting out at last to the Servant.*) Leave me!

Servant. (Looking wistfully at him.)

Frank. (Gently.) Go, I tell you! Stay, meanwhile, at the door. I can now manage by myself, till Jack comes.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Frank. The fellow shan't see my tears!—Such sparks will grin, when they see an old man cry. (*Looking round on all sides, leaning on his stick.*)

Phil. I have not felt so well this long while.

Frank. Behold there, the old pear-tree!—only think, the old pear-tree still alive, and full of blossoms!—how often have I been aloft there with my brother! Curse that gout—or else I would once more be up there!

Phil. Don't I hear somebody speak?

Ann. (Looking out.) An old gentleman walking about.

Phil. Likely one of the Doctor's friends.

Frank. Here, I think, my mother used to have her flower-bed. The spot is quite grown wild. Behold! there crawls a toad: get thee gone, thou

thou emblem of discord! (*Removing it with his stick.*)

Ann. How many cobwebs there are here!

Phil. Spiders will take possession of the spot, when harmony has fled.

Frank. I'll sit down in this arbour, where I used to read my Robinson. (*Sits down in the other arbour.*)

Phil. That stranger, surely, is waiting for the Doctor: I wonder where he may stay.

Ann. Miss Charlotte is gathering violets in the fields: he is very likely with her.

Frank. Who may that sick person be? He looks very ill.

Phil. I say, Ann, I think I should know the face of that old gentleman.

Frank. I think I have seen him somewhere before.

Phil. Can't you recollect his features?

Frank. And that old woman, too, looks like some one I have seen before.

Ann. The face seems to be known to me.—But here comes the Doctor; he'll know best.

SCENE IX.

Enter Dr. BLUM.

Blum. (*Going up to Frank.*) Welcome, dear friend; well, how do you like it?

Frank. I am so well pleased, that I could wish to die here. (*Drawing the Doctor nearer.*) Pray, Doctor, is that sickly man there, one of your friends?

Blum. Yes, Sir.

Frank.

Frank. I suppose, you mean to make an hospital here: have you invited none but patients?

Blum. None but patients; but with a view of dismissing them all in good health.

Frank. Who is that gentleman?

Blum. Don't you recollect him?

Frank. If I heard his name, perhaps I might.

Blum. Ask your heart.

Frank. (*Startled.*) My heart!

SCENE X.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. (*With her apron full of flowers.*)

Frank. Ho! ho! Charlotte, are you too here?

Charl. (*Strewing flowers from one arbour to the other.*)

Frank. What are you about?

Phil. Charlotte, what are you doing?

Charl. I am strewing flowers on the road which for so many years has been covered with thorns.

Frank. What does she mean?

Phil. (*Nodding to Blum.*) Pray, Doctor, tell me, who is that strange gentleman?

Blum. I have invited him because to-day is his birth day.

Phil. (*Moved.*) His birth-day!

Frank. (*Uneasy.*) Come hither, Charlotte.

Charl. Oh, yes; very well.

Frank. Who is he?

Charl. Fifteen years ago you would not have asked that question.

Frank. Zounds!—Who is he?

Charl. (*Running swiftly to the other arbour, and clinging*

clinging round her father's neck.) It is my father!
(A pause; the two brothers look at each other furtively,
but with great emotion; the Doctor examines them
with attention and pleasure.)

Frank. (Apart.) How poorly he looks!

Phil. (Apart.) How old he is grown!

Frank. (Apart.) How shabby his dress!—He
has, perhaps, been in distress; whilst Mrs. Grim
was robbing me.

Phil. (Apart.) Fie upon that proud shame, that
would prevent me from flying into his arms!

Charl. (Kneeling down between the two arbours,
stretching out her arms, and looking with earnest looks
alternately at her father and her uncle.)

Phil. (Rises, and goes one step out of the arbour.)

Frank. (Very uneasy.) Zounds! I believe he is
coming.

Charl. Hither, my dear uncle.

Frank. (Rises.) To thee?—What must I do
then?

Charl. To me, my father!

Phil. With pleasure, my child! (He goes to her,
and takes her hand.)

Charl. (In a sweet caressing tone.) To me, dear
uncle!

Frank. Well, I am coming. (Goes nearer to her.)

Charl. Your hand—

Frank. (Looking the other way.) Here—

Charl. Nearer! nearer! (Drawing the hands of
the two brothers so near that they meet.)

Phil. (Deeply affected.) Brother!

Frank. (Looking at him, throws away his stick, and
opens his arms.)

Phil. (Sinks on his breast.)

Charl. (Springs up of a sudden, and throws herself
round Blum's neck.) My thanks, good man!

Frank.

Frank. (*Laying hold with both hands of Philip's head.*) Look at me, brother! eye fixed on eye; let me see if there be the least spark of resentment left.

Phil. Dostn't thou see a tear, that will quench it?

Frank. (*Still in the greatest emotion takes him by both hands.*) Brother, thou lookest like the image of distress!—thou hast been in want!—thy whole person upbraids me with it.

Phil. I have been ill.

Frank. Well, then, get better now, or I won't set my foot over the threshold of the door.

Phil. My good brother, thou hast, in spite of our mutual situation, generously supported me.

Frank. What! is that a sarcasm?

Phil. Hast thou not paid my bills?

Frank. Avast there!

Phil. My rent?—my apothecary's bill?

Frank. Philip! rather give me a slap in the face.

Blum. Dear Sir, pardon me this pious fraud: I was thinking of the means to reconcile you, and I acted in the name of your brother.

Frank. You are hard upon me, Sir; but I thank you for that lesson.

Phil. Oh, my daughter! What a son thou hast given me!

Frank. Son! What's that?

Phil. This generous man, to whom innocence and goodness of heart are equivalent to wealth and riches.

Frank. I understand.—Well done! but poor the girl is not.—Isn't she my sole heir!—Is it not so, Charlotte?—Oh, we know each other by this time? (*Pointing at Ann.*) What's she crying for now?

Phil.

A COMEDY.

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Phil. She is pleased, poor old woman!

Frank. Isn't that our good old Ann?

Phil. It is she.

Frank. Ann, is it you?—Reach me that hand that has given me so many slices of bread and butter.—Well, you have continued as an honest girl; and you shall never want any thing to chew, while you have a tooth in your head.

Ann. (Sobbing.) I can—not talk now.

Frank. Well, then, hold your tongue. We all see your tears come from the heart.—But what the deuce is become of my gout, Doctor? I think my stick has got it all.

LAST SCENE.

Enter JACK.

Jack. I give you joy, Captain; Mrs. Grim is sent ashore.

Frank. Is she?—Fair wind to her!—Now, my honest Jack, I have nobody but you.

Phil. And me.

Charl. And me.

Blum. And me.

Frank. Have I all of ye?—Come all near; let me try if I can embrace ye all with one arm.—No matter, my heart has room for you.

Jack. Captain, do I see right?—Your brother!

Frank. Ay, sure, old boy!—all forgotten! they all love me again.—Dost recollect, Jack, when I took that French prize? what riches I got there in one hour!—But now I have acquired much more in one minute. Come, brother Philip—*(taking him under his arm.)* Come, call me again, as formerly, Frank.

H

Phil.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Phil. Dear Frank.

Frank. That's right: come this way, Charlotte—*(taking her in his other arm.)* Thou knowest what I have promised thy mother—what do you think, Philip?—I hope she is here in the midst of us—*(looking up to heaven with true devotion.)*

Blum. *(Deeply affected.)* Oh, if man knew what a heavenly reward there is in making peace!

Jack. *(With joy, mixed with tender emotion.)* Don't take it amiss—but be who you will, I must have a kiss.—*(He salutes Ann, who keeps sobbing.)*

[The curtain drops,

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FINIS.